THE FREEMAN

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THE NEW SOUTH.

A Pen Picture of Gadsden, Ala., Setting Forth How and What the Negro is doing.

Gadsden, Ala., Special.

There are quite a number of colored people here who own their own homes. I am sorry that I haven't time to see more of our people in order to get a valuation of their property. but in my next I shall mention some names that do not appear now in my letter. P H. Hembree & Bro. run a grocery and restaurant. They are energetic, enterprising young men. B. J. Jones has a fruit stand, which is a credit to the colored people here and elsewhere. Richard Mitchern, Berry & Givan, and Mack Cummings all are skilled tonsorial artists, whose outfits are fine.

Several colored brick and stone masons here do work on dwelling houses that is good and fine enough for the exiled Emperor of Brazil to while away his time in. J. A. Davis is the leading plasterer in the city. He is also a sweet singer, a good talker, a hadsome and clever little fellow. Sammy Tredwell, Ben Waycasey, Jim Anderson, Ed Reeves, B. F. Hicks, John Gant, Isaac Williams, Jessie Phillips, George Strickland, Bobert Carpenter are our city carpenters. Reeves, Hicks, Gant and Anderson are said to be the finest workmen. We have two blacksmiths whose anvils are kept busy from morning till night. Anderson Montgomery whose gray locks shows that time has handled them, is an exemplary old gentleman and is one of the best blacksmiths in the State. His son, Allen Montgomery, is also a blacksmith, who can shoe the wildest horse with great ease. He also is Superintendent of one of the finest Sunday-schools in the city. D. Berry and J. F. Freeman are shoemakers here. They are good workmen. Mr. Freeman teaches both vocal and instrumental music. He is also organist for the M. E. church. Wm. Webster whose portrait with a sketch of his life will appear in The Freeman soon, is doing a big business here in liquors. He is one of the leading business men in the city. We also have several draymen who do good business. The leading hotels here employ colored help.

NOTES.

Mr. Anderson Montgomery, Brown Harington, Allen Montgomery, D. Berry, R. A. Adams, A. Wade, Please Aderine, J. A. Bogle, Dave Sheffield, Sorney Tredwell together are worth $20,000. Jim Miller owns a farm near town worth over five housand dollars. Several others whose names do not appear this time will be in my next.

The services at all the churches Thanksgiving day were good. Mr. D. Berry gave a fine dinner at his dwelling on Thanksgivfng day. The city school is buying an organ.

A telegram from Blount Springs sent to Dave Sheffield states that Rev. Andy Sheffield died there yesterday. Rev. Sheffield was one of the leading ministers in the M. E. church. It is said that for every year he was in the ministry he was the cause of a hundred souls being converted. We extend to the relatives and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy.

Wm. Webster will go to Birmingham, Atlanta and Chattanooga, on business next week.

The members of the Baptist church are preparing to give a cantata. The Sunday-schools here are in good condition.

OLD FUNG.

When you hear a young man say that a girl has no heart you may be pretty sure that she has his.

REV. Dr. E. W. S. HAMMOND,
Layman. Minister and Presiding Elder, of Covington. Ky.

AGAINST SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

The Colored Citizens of Providence in Mass Meeting—Political Dirt Exhumed—Personals—Notes.

Providence, R. I., Special

I promised to write of our business men and salesmen, but owing to the important meetings and the election in our city the past week I have decided to delay the "business men" article for another week.

The colored citizens and their friends assembled in Union Hall on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., for the purpose of protesting against the Southern outrages. The attendance was very small considering the object, but those present seemed to realize what they were there for, and it was manifested by enthusiastic applause.

His Excellency, Gov. Ladd, presided, M. C. Hughes, Secretary. Zealous speeches were made by His Excellency the Governor, George T. Downing, of Newport, and Revs. J. H. Larry, J. H. Jones, Mahlon Van Horne, of Newport.

At the close of the speeches a set of resolutions were adopted. After which the Afro-American League was proposed, but an organization was not perfected. Hurry up gentlemen, if you want a delegate at Chicago.

The municipal election of this city took place on the 26th of November. All tickets were settled on that day with the exception of the Mayor. There is more than 21,500 voters in the city however. Less than 13,000 were on the field to do service in the battle. There were three candidates in the field, and neither received enough votes for choice; consequently a second election was necessary. and the day set apart was Friday, the 6th inst., and the heaviest vote ever cast in this city for mayor was polled that day; the total being 14,556, and Hon. Henry R. Barker was re-elected mayor, his majority being 762. So the Republicans once more rule here.

The colored voters turned out last Tuesday in larger numbers probably than ever before, and there was probably a cause for it, and this it was. A few days ago, Osceola R. Cook, at one time running the largest bootblack establishment in this city and now proprietor of a pool and billiard room was arrested for bribery. It was claimed by some that Cook received $1,700 to $2,600 to buy Negro votes for the Republicans, and William Winston, who has been to State's prison several times and who is capable of doing dirty tricks, made a complaint against him claiming that Cook bribed him for one dollar, and that he could bring others whom he had worked upon. However Cook was released on $800 bonds. Cook worked hard for the g. o. p., and was the means of several votes being cast for nis party. The other side desiring to kill the inspiration of the black men for the new election, rigged a plan to scare them, but it did not work. Cook sent more men to the polls than ever went before, and in the evening arranged and carried out a parade of colored men to celebrate their victory, the first of its kind ever held in this city. Honor to whom honor is due. We are informed that Winston has left the city.

On October the 11th a club was organized to be known as the Damon club for the purpose of forming a Lodge of Knights of Pythias. This club was made up of a body of intelligent young and old men who worked on very harmoniously, and on Friday evening the 6th inst., S. R. Riley, S. D., Alexander Robinson, G. M. Ex., Wm. D. Johnson, G, V. A., J. A Brown, G. K. R. and S., W. F. Burrs, G. M. A. L. L. Williams, G. Mar. of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts set up the first colored lodge of K. of P. in this State to be known as Rhode Island Lodge, No. 1. The following officers and 31 members were made: John C. Scott, P. C., Phillip R. A. Smith, C. C., William Liverpool, V. C., Rev. N. F. Drayton, Pres., Daniel D. Perry, M. Ex., Benjamin F. Lightfoot, K. R. and S., Robert B. Minton, I. G., George R. Hugg, M. F., George H. Jones, M. A., Charles E. Thomas, O. G. After the order was made they repaired to Mr. John Bell's Snow St. restaurant, where a sumptious repast was served, and the boys departed for home wishing that they had been made Knights months before.

The A. M. E. Bethel church S. S. gave a very fine concert last Sunday. Most of the old members say it was the best since the church was bnilt.

Wanted 5 boys to sell The Freeman. Apply at 115 Meeting St. tf

LIGHT TOOF.

THE PEORIAL, ILLS., NEWS.

Delegates for the Afro-Afro-American League.

Peoria, Ill., Special.

J. C. Allen, one of our most prominent young colored men, was this week appointed store-keeper for the distilleres here, and will assigned to to said position by Uncle Sam, the 15th inst, Mr. Allen in a gentleman and a scholar and well deserves the appointment which he will no doubt fill with credit to himself and to the race.

Mr. Johnson our representative mail carrier is one of the most eficient in the service here.

Our Republican Mayor will take the reins of our municipal governmen the first of January 1890, and one of our worthy colored citizens are urged to be appointed on the police force and are having every reason to believe that he will receive the appointment, so mote it be.

There was a mass meeting at the Zion Baptist Chnrch last Monday night called by the Fifer Republican Club for the purpose of electing delegates to the National Afro-American League, but the president and secretarythought that the time was not ripe for said election of delegates, so a motion prevailed to defer the work till Monday night. December 9th as there were only about ninety-nine asperants there, it is thought by that time, one hundred men can be formed who would like to serve the dear people as delegates that he may have a free show to see the great city on the lake.

At the song service at Ward's Chapel last Sunday evening. Mrs. L. Carter, Miss H. Edward and E. H. Hagan made excellent music in this solos.

O. W. Mitchem, Esq., went Galesburg Tuesday evening to attend court.

Colored Men in Congress.

There is but one Afro-American in the Fifty-first Congress—the Hon. H. P. Cheatham of North Carolina. Three others are contestants for seats —Mr. Langston of Virginia, Mr. Miller of South Carolina, and Mr. Hill of Mississippi. Will these men get the seats to which they were honestly elected? There should be no doubt it, and we think there is but very little. N. Y. Age.

What has the Plaindealer been Doing.

The Afro-American population of Detroit have no representitave either in police or fire departments of Detroit.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Monumental Literary—Verdict in Navassa Trial—Touissant L'Overture Literary—Personals.

Baltimore, Md , Special to The Freeman.

At the Monumental Literary las Tuesday evening an excellent paper was read by D. D Dickson, a talented young politician, now in the service of the government, Mr. Dickson's paper was written in a very polished manner. It provoked a lively discussion, and the many persons present were well pleased with the production.

The jury in the Navassa case came in Monday morning and rendered a verdict which was fair and just, all the circumstances considered. Key, the one indicted as principal was convicted of murder in the first degree, and his pathway to the gallows can only be cut short by the intervention of the Supreme Court or the President. One who who was indicted as an accesary was acquitted, and upon sixteen men the jury disagreed. The verdict has been criticised by many, not because it was too severe, but too liberal. The verdict is a victory for the counsel for the defense, and much credit especially is due the colored lawyers Messrs. Davis and Waring for the unabated interest which they have and are taking in the matter. The trial of Henry Jones charged as principal in the killing of Tosfer one of the white officers, will begin on Tuesday.

The State Teacher's Association will meet at Grace Presbyterian church the latter part of this month. The program which has been arranged for the several sessions of the Convention is very full and several important subjects will be treated. This Association has done much to stimulate the teachers throughout the State to suggest and accept suggestions on methods of teaching and to bring about a stronger fellowship among the teachers. Quite a large attendance is expected and many preparations are being made.

W. Ashbie Hawkins is the president of the association and has done much to increase the membership and broaden the influence of this useful organization.

The Touissant L'Overture Literary met at Water's chapel on last Sunday, and a large audience was in attendance. A paper was read by J. W. Adams, and was much appreciated. Wm. Pierce, an excellent tenor singer, rendered a few choice solos, which were much applauded.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Weaver had occasion to interview the President last week and made a strong impression upon him. Dr. Weaver is one of the many Baltimore colored divines who takes a lively interest in anything by which the colored people will be directly or indirectly benefited.

Lawyer Chas. A. Johnson left for Easton on Tuesday evening where he delivers a lecture at the Asbury M. E. church.

Dr. H. J. Brown has returned from Virginia where he has been lecturing.

Jas. N. Stith is the manufacturer of a useful article used in laundry work. He has been quite successful in the sale of it.

The Freeman is increasing in popularity, and each week sees this montlyly type of journalism being perused by its many admirers. Success always to The Freeman.

Down on Hoffman.

The Faculty of Fisk Unversity Nashville Tenn. will not allow any members or regular visitors of Eld. Huffman's church to attend the University.

THE FROZEN NORTH.

Strange Sights to be Seen in the Icy Polar Regions.

Men no Bigger than Children and Children no Bigger than Dolls—Bareness of the Landscape—A Correspondent's Adventures Among the Rocks.

The further north you go, the more marvels spring up around you, says David Kerr in the N. Y. Times, writing of his experiences in Alaskan wilds. No words can do justice to the weird attractions of this strange life beyond the bounds of the living world, where there is no sunrise and no sunset, but one endless, unchanging day; where time, space and established rules are alike unknown; where you breakfast at 4 in the morning, sup at midnight, dine whenever you please, and never go to bed at all; where men are no bigger than children, and children no bigger than dolls; where mosquitoes swarm beyond the Arctic Circle; where you find cattle the size of sheep, sheep the size of dogs and dogs the size of rabbits; where one turns from watching the sea foam into whirlpools around a frolicsome whale to see an eagle swoop from the brow of a perpendicular precipice 6,000 feet high; where phantom ships appear hanging upside down in mid-air, and instead of one sun you see four or five at once; where dwarfs live under the snow as in fairy tales, and the day of the week or of the month is a matter of glorious uncertainty from the beginning of the voyage to the end of it.

But when you pass from the limit of vegetation into the region of eternal emptiness beyond, the Polar Ocean is seen in its grimmest and gloomiest aspect. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare, craggy sides of innumerable precipices, heaving up their gaunt outline against the darkening sky, and the endless succession of barren mountains overhung by the cold dead whiteness of the eternal snow, the sullen, lifeless waters beneath, the gray leaden sky overhead.

It was in one of the countless rocky islets of this ghostly sea (a mere dot in the boundless waste of waters) that I once met with an adventure which, though I have already made some passing mention of it, is well worth telling over again. The island, which was one vast precipice on all sides but the southwest terminated to the north in a bold, turret-shaped headland more than 100 feet in height, just beyond which towered an isolated crag of equal height, evidently torn from the main cliff by some mighty convulsion ages ago. This I climbed at the risk of my neck one afternoon, only to find that the natural bridge of rock by which I had reached it had been covered by the rising tide, and that my retreat was cut off.

So there I was, 50 feet up a dangerous precipice, on a ledge just wide enough for me to stand on, with a raging sea below, and a coming storm blackening the horizon, which as I well knew, would whirl me off my perch like a feather into the roaring waves beneath. My sole remaining chance of life was one from the thought of which I instinctively shrank, viz., to leap across the hideous chasm that separated me from the main cliff and alight upon the nearest ledge of the latter. It was indeed a fearful risk, which nothing short of the prospect of certain death could have nerved any man to face. The leap was a wide one, and the shelf on which I stood barely large enough to give me space for a spring, and the ledge on which I meant to alight was so narrow and slippery as to make it an even chance whether I fail to reach it at all, or reached it only to fall back into the dreadful gulf below. But I knew that every moment of hesitation would only make matters worse, and that my only chance was to risk the leap before my nerves gave way altogether. I clinched my teeth and sprang out into the empty air, and the next moment I was safe on the opposite ledge.

So far so good, but even now my troubles were only just beginning. Far below me roared the chafing sea, and high above me towered a grim precipice, which I had always heard spoken of as absolutely unscalable. To all appearance there was no going either up or down; yet up or down I must go, and that speedily, for if I stand where I was the approaching storm would hurl me from my perch and dash me to pieces. Just at this moment I espied a cleft, or rather crack, running slantwise up the face of the cliff above me, the edges of which, frayed and roughened by spray and storm, offered just footing enough for a cat or an Alpine climber. A perilous scramble enabled me to reach it, and up I went inch by inch like a fly on the wall.

Not without a long and hard struggle, and more than one hair-breadth escape from instant destruction, did I at length drag myself wearily over the topmost ledge, spent, gasping, bruised, cut and aching in every limb. As I did so, I caught sight of a man seated close to the edge of the cliff only a few yards away from me, seemingly busied with a sketch of the sea view. So completely engrossed was he with his work that he never heard the scraping of my feet against the rock as I scrambled up, till, as he happened to raise his eyes suddenly from the paper, there I stood like a ghost on the very brink of the precipice, a ghastly figure, right between him and the red, angry glare of the stormy sunset, which outlined me in all my terrors. My face and hands were black as ink, my clothes torn and stained with blood, while my wet, disordered hair, standing wildly out in every direction and intertwisted with three or four stray tufts of seaweed, powerfully enhanced the horror of my appearance.

For a moment he stood gazing as if suddenly turned to stone, and when, flinging down his sketch and implements with a yell worthy of an Ojibbeway Indian, flew away with such amazing speed that I could hardly see where he went to. I never had a chance of finding out what account he gave of his adventure, but I can pretty easily guess it.

Practical.

Horace Greeley had the reputation of being a practical philanthropist, and his advice was sought by hundreds of strangers, whose only excuse for intruding upon him was that they needed his counsel, and that he had the brains that could advise them.

One day, says the Youth's Companion, while he was writing an important letter in his office, a boy, 15 years old, entered the room, and standing near the door and behind the editor's chair, said, "Mr. Greeley, I have come to ask your advice."

"Say on," answered the editor, without stopping his pen or even glancing at the boy.

"The only relative I have here," continued the boy "is my sister. I have been boarding with her, and she let me have board so cheap that I could earn money enough to pay her, and have something left to buy my clothes. Now I have quarrelled with her, and am boarding at another place, where they charge me all I can earn for my board,—not so good as I had at my sister's,—and I have nothing left to pay for my clothes. What shall I do?"

"Is your sister married?" asked Mr. Greeley, without looking up or stopping his pen.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she a respectable woman?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go straight to your sister and tell her that you are ashamed of yourself, and ask her forgiveness. If she will take you, go back and live with her, and after this remember that if your own sister is not your friend, you will not be likely to find any friend in New York City."

The boy departed without another word, and Mr. Greeley had not even seen him, so engrossed was he with his writing. This poor boy did not personally know Mr. Greeley, but, being in distress, sought him out in a city of several hundred thousand people as the man to give him good advice.

"It was a higher compliment than I had ever before seen conferred upon any one," writes the Hon. Eli Thayer, who was present at the interview, and reports it in his "History of the Kansas Crusade."

Bug-Gosh.

The chinch bug chaws up the wheat galore,
The Hessian bug chaws the balance some more,
The army bug repeats the chawing o'er,
The fire bug chaws the grain that's in store,
And every bug that chances along
Chaws up the wheat with molars strong.
But of all the bugs that bother the wheat,
'Tis humbug that takes the proscenium seat!
—Milling World.

The Ocean Steamer of the Future.

She will be over a quarter of a mile in length says Once a Week, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite of storm or fog. Passages can be secured by flash photo, "Edison's patent," and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes on the verbatim system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system. A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with costliest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage. The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be ordered while the ship is en route, and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodations will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

A Dress Album.

What woman has not at some time or other had memories awakened by the sight of a piece of some special gown suddenly brought to light? To some, therefore, it will be welcome news, perhaps, to learn that an ingenious woman has hit upon the idea of a "dress album," in which tiny cuttings of every gown belonging to its owner are to be chronologically arranged under the dates on which they were first or specially worn. There is a decided touch of pathos in the notion, for an occasional review of this curious volume as the years rolled by could scarcely fail to bring back to memory many by-gone hours of happiness and sorrow connected with the collection. What a picture would arise to the mind, for instance, at the sight of a fragment of one's first ball dress, or of one's wedding gown, or that first shred of black that stood out in terrible contrast to the gaudy samples surrounding it.

The Kind of Novels to Write.

The successful novel of to-day is that which contains some social problem woven into the narrative, says a writer. This fact I learned in a recent conversation with a prominent publisher. Said he: "There was a time, not long ago, when people wanted fiction pure and simple, and there are people of the same idea now. But novel reading has changed. Take Mrs. Ward's or Mr. Bellamy's novels, or Mr. Froude's latest, and each presents a social problem. Of course, everything depends upon the topic woven into the narrative, and much upon the public's willingness to take it up."

Not Yet.

Each morning when the Czar of Russia gets out of bed he rings his bell for his night guard and inquires: "Has George Kennan been arrested yet, Sam?" And Sam always shakes his head in a mournful way and replies: "Not quite yet, my great white Tsar."

A PERSIAN GIRL.

In Babyhood Her Hair, Hands and Feet Are Dyed With Henna.

When She Is Twelve Years Old She Dons a Mantle and Thereafter None but Members of Her Family Are Allowed to See Her Face.

Her eyes are black as sloes. Of course they are black, for blue eyes are considered unlucky in Persia. Her skin is a rich, warm, delicate brown that overlays the round, plump features, tinged with a tint of rose where the dimples are or should be, the silky hair is as dark as the plume of the raven that crowns the head of the little girl baby, who was born but yesterday in that quaint dwelling at the foot of Mount Elborz.

She is a Persian and in Persia will she live, for it is only with the special permission of the Shah that a Persian woman can live out of her native land.

She is but a day old, but an amulet has been already hung on her neck containing a tiny scrap of paper on which is inscribed a passage from the Koran, intended to ward off mischief from djinns or evil spirits. For the same reason if any of the neighbors look in to see the little stranger and express admiration of her beauty the nurse requests them to spit in the baby's face lest the influence of the evil eye should lurk in what might be the praise of envy or jealousy. A tiny white cap of open embroidery also covers the infant's hair and her limbs are swathed tightly in wadding bands.

When Fathimeh is five or six months old her hair is dyed with henna. The first application turns it to a bright orange red, the second wash turns the hair to a rich blue-black. The finger and toe nails, the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands are also dyed yellow with henna. This is not done entirely for beauty, as Europeans often imagine, but rather to toughen the skin. This is especially necessary with the soles, as most women in Persia go barefooted in the house.

When little Fathimeh is old enough to toddle about she has a present of red slippers, embroidered with tinsel, but rarely wears them at play, for they are an encumbrance. When she is two or three years old, however, she begins to wear a mantel—an article of dress that she will wear until her death, whenever she steps out of the house, whether to sport in the garden or play or walk in the street. This awkward dress she wears attached to her head and it reaches to her feet. While she is a child it is worn loose and flies behind when she runs; but when she reaches the age of eleven or twelve the mantel is drawn over her face, excepting the eyes, which are protected from the gaze of any but her own family by a tiny lattice work exquisitely embroidered of white silk.

While still a child little Fathimeh sits in the gate and sometimes plays with the boys of the neighborhood, and thus, perhaps, forms a passing acquaintance with her future husband. If her parents were peasants she would accompany them to the fields and aid in picking the fruit and gleaning the harvest. But as her parents are well-to-do city folk of some means, she is soon taught that her destiny is to be a life almost as secluded as that of a nunnery.

If Fathimeh's father has several wives, which it is greatly to be feared is the case, then she also has her half brothers and sisters as playmates, and a merry time they have of it.

Going to the public bath is one of Fathimeh's greatest diversions from the earliest childhood. At least once a week her mother takes her there. They make an afternoon of it. Fathimeh has her fingers freshly dyed with henna, and her hair, which has grown very long, is plaited into innumerable small braids, which are expected to last without recombing until her next visit to the bath. These days at the bath are an education to the little girl now rapidly approaching womanhood. With the exception of a few lessons with the needle or on the guitar or in the making of preserves, the little maiden has had no other education except what she gains from hearing older people of her own sex converse. And thus, when she is at the bath and hears the women talking while embroidering or smoking after the ablutions are over, she learns much from their conversation of life in the outside world of Persia, and she will need all the information she can acquire; for if she ever learns to read or write, which is not likely, it must be after she is married. That marriage is her inevitable destiny she learns as soon as she can talk. There are no old maids in that country. When she is eleven or twelve years old the question of finding her a husband is earnestly discussed. The matter is settled between the parents of the bride and the groom, the most difficult point to arrange being the amount of the dowry to be paid with the bride. If this is the first marriage of the prospective husband then he also is young, not over sixteen or seventeen. The marriage is accompanied with great pomp and the festivities last several days, after which the bride is taken to her new home at the head of a long procession, crowding the narrow streets, marching to the sound of horns, pipes and kettledrums. And there we leave the little bride, hoping she will have at least her share of wedded bliss.

S. G. BENJAMIN.

THE INQUISITION.

Handy Implement For Dealing With Spanish Heretics.

Spain had a handy implement, planned and perfected on her soil, which enabled her to deal in a way of her own with learned, noble, but pernicious heretics. It was for the benefit of Jews and Mahometans that the inquisition had been set up. In its earlier days it had done a large and successful business in them. Torquemada, the first Inquisitor General, is said in sixteen years to have burned nine thousand. His successor, Diego Deza, was a less active man of business, for in eight years his murders were only sixteen hundred. But he induced Ferdinand and Isabella to expel the Moors as Torquemada had caused them to expel the Jews. Nearly two millions of their most industrious and able subjects were thus driven by these sovereigns from their country; a blow was self inflicted on Spain from which she has never recovered; indeed, the whole policy of the Inquisition was the means of dragging down Spain from the highest to the lowest place among the kingdoms of Europe.

Their highnesses of the Inquisition saw that to put down the rising spirit of Protestantism they must bend the whole resources of their institution, in the most merciless and relentless fashion, to stamp out, at once and forever, every spark and vestage of heresy. And their resources were simply appalling. They had lately received a great extension of powers, and were practically able to arrest, confine, torture, convict, and burn whomsover they pleased, and perpetuate upon them the most inhuman cruelties. Once within their clutches, their victims were practically helpless. Attempts have been made to show that it was otherwise, but historians of their own confirm what we have said. No doubt in their prisons there were cells that were fairly comfortable, but these were reserved for adulterers, pirates, smugglers or political offenders who were not very dangerous to the church. But for heretics the places of confinement were usually underground dungeons, dark damp, and dreary, never warmed by the comfortable glow of fire, hardly reached by a straggling sunbeam, uncleansed and putrid, breeding diseases that, perhaps in mercy, ended the life of many a prisoner before he was condemned to the fire. At the dead of night the victim would be summoned to stand his trial in a dismal chamber, where his merciless judges would be found, while the "familiars of the Inquisition" moved about, executing their orders, their faces covered by garments with two holes opposite their eyes, as if to disguise their very humanity. If the accused person would not confess his guilt, or would not disclose the name of others whom he knew to be heretics, he was ordered the torture. The forms of torture were varied, but two obtained pre-eminence—the rack and the pulley. The rack was a hollow machine of wood, with no bottom, but a bar against which the body lay, while the limbs were fastened by tight cords that often cut through the flesh to the bone, and on the mouth a cloth was placed on which water slowly descended, causing a most irritating sensation, and a struggle for breath that often broke blood vessels in the lungs. In the pulley, the victim had heavy weights attached to his feet, his arms were bound behind, he was hoisted by a rope to the roof, then by the slacking of the rope allowed to drop with a jerk so violent that sometimes every joint was wrenched from its socket. If the first application of the instruments of torture was inaffectual the victim was flung back into his horrible cell to digest his agony as he might, and called out perhaps next day to undergo a repetition of the process. Sometimes it would be repeated day after day for many days in succession; and sometimes years upon years would be spent in captivity with an occasional touch of torture to break the monotony of the confinement.

ÆOLIAN HARPS.

They Can Be Made by Almost Any-One.

Have any of our young friends ever seen an Æolian harp? It is a musical instrument made by the Greeks many centuries ago, and hung among the trees or where the wind could blow upon it, making a low, soft, musical sound. To make one is very easily done and inexpensive, for most of the material can be found about the house. Wax a piece of buttonhole twist about two and a half feet long; tie each string strongly to a small peg and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. It will surprise you, the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it.

Having done this, you may be moved to go further and prepare a more elaborate Æolian harp. Take some quarter-inch wood and make a box the length of your window frame, four or five inches wide. Bore a few small holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box, fasten two bridges like violin bridges, one at each end, and stretch on them several strings of fine catgut, contriving a series of screw pins to aid in the tight stretching necessary, and allow of their being tuned to one note. Then raise your sash on the windy side of the house, and the wind passing through the hole and over the strings will, in its rising and falling, make very sweet music.

Religion in the Schools.

Although they're neither knaves nor fools
Nor, as some say, sons of Perdition
Who to religion in the schools
Evince a bitter opposition,
Perhaps they'll think when passion cools
Religious text-books we should purchase
And have religion in the schools—
We have so little in the churches.
—Boston Couirer.

Odious Comparisons.

The size of the great western lakes is seldom appreciated by people who have not traveled for days out of sight of land on these vast fresh-water seas. A boastful westerner once asked a Boston friend with whom he was cruising along the Atlantic coast, which he supposed to be larger, Massachusetts or Lake Superior.

"Massachusetts, certainly."

"No, you could put all of the six New England states into the lake, dotting them around as islands, and yet never guess that they were more than points of land while cruising over Superior."

"It is quite possible that I should not see them at all then," was the quick reply of the Boston man; "I am a little dull, and never see a point."—Youth's Com.

One legged Dorsey.—Say, you chump, w'y don't ye put dat "I am Blind" sign on the front of yer instead of your back? Conscientious Biggs:—'Cos de front o' me ain't blind. I don't want to git run in fer no false pretences.—Terre Haute Express.

A Dog That Chased Cannon Balls.

An interesting dog story was related by Gen. Joe Bartlett to some friends in Washington. The canine was named "Budge" and he followed the Army of the Potomac during the early years of the war. Budge had a habit of chasing cannon balls and while thus engaged during a battle he lost one of his legs. He was left on the field, but some days afterward he limped into camp. "A surgeon of the Twenty-seventh New York fixed up the stump, and in the course of time it healed. Budge was all through the Peninsula campaign and during the advance and retreat he hobbled along, and during engagements followed his favorite pastime, chasing cannon balls and shells. Nothing could abate his zeal in that direction. Budge followed the troops back to Washington, took part in the second battle of Bull Run, the battle of South Mountain and then hobbled along until he reached Antietam. In the battle of the second day Budge chose to take part of the conflict on our right, and seemed to enjoy it. He was very busy that day, and had got so that he could make good time on three legs. He had plenty of balls and shells to look after, too. When the fight was over, along in the afternoon, Budge was missing. The next morning, in passing through the terrible 'cornfield' in search of the dead and wounded, some of the boys ran across the lifeless body of old Budge, and, by his side, was the body of a wounded member of the brigade who had been in the habit of feeding him. Budge, he said, remained with him when he fell, and when the rebels swept through the cornfield in one of the numerous charges made, Budge defended him against what he knew was the assault of an enemy, and was shot down, loyal to the last to the cause the old flag, and the constitution and the union, too, if you please, if he was nothing but a dog."

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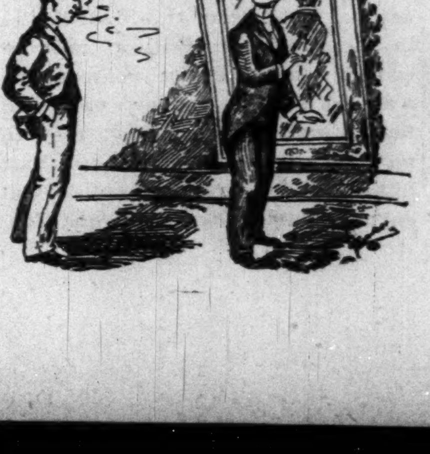

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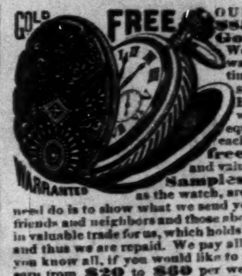

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A UNION SCOUT.

He Served in the Ranks of the Enemy and Had Many Narrow Escapes.

"Milton, the Scout," Decorated with a Beautiful Medal by General Hancock—His Daring Exploits, Imprisonments and Escapes—A Model Old Man.

Possibly the most unobtrusive man in Kansas City, says the Times of that city, is the one who has had the most adventurous career. His name is Dewitt C. Taylor, and three years ago he passed the allotted three score years and ten. For four years during the civil war he was known as "Milton, the Scout," and on May 23, 1864, the day before the grand review of the federal troops at Washington, General Hancock called him to a platform and before a vast army presented him with an enameled silver medal for his gallant services as scout. This medal he now wears beneath his military coat. It contains four links of solid silver, each two and a half inches square, and engraved thereon the name of his army corps and the battles in which he participated.

Mr. Taylor rarely speaks of his adventures and it is with extreme difficulty that even his old army friends can prevail on him to relate any one of his many thrilling experiences. He is modest and retiring and neither his bearing nor his facial expression give any evidence of the sufferings and perils he experienced during his life as a scout. He was captured four times during the war and twice he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The narrowest escape with his life occured soon after the battle of Cold Harbor. Taylor had entered Lee's army soon after the battle as a deserter from the federal forces. He was suspected, watched and finally court martialed and sentenced to be hanged. Eight soldiers were commanded to guard him and he was sent across the country to General Lee's headquarters, where he was to be hanged. Taylor determined to either gain his freedom en route or lose his life. It happened that in traveling across the country a blackberry patch was encountered. The soldiers were tired and hungry and left one of their number to guard the prisoner while they strolled in quest of berries. Taylor's time had come. He had no weapon except a sheath knife with a blade about four inches long, which was concealed under his shirt. He watched his opportunity and while the soldier was off guard threw one arm around his head, placing it over his mouth to stifle the cries. His knife then did its work. Arming himself with the revolvers of the dead soldier, the scout secreted himself in a ravine and waited until the soldiers had passed him in their search.

This was only one of a hundred thrilling incidents in his career. At one time he was being pursued by five confederate soldiers on horseback and emptied four saddles before he could make his escape. Taylor enlisted in the Second Michigan regiment in April, 1861, and the following year was transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, where he served until mustered out in 1865. He is now lieutenant colonel of company A, Kansas City veterans. He was detained as a scout in 1862, shortly after being transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and reported direct to Generals Meade or Hancock. His duty was to keep posted on Lee's movements and stay at headquarters. For six weeks at a time he was often compelled to remain in the confederate ranks doing duty as a soldier.

"I believe the confederates kept a much closer guard on suspects than the federals," said Mr. Taylor, and it was much more difficult to operate among them. The confederate officers and troops seemed to have a keener discernment of approaching danger and were able to locate a scout quicker. It is a very easy matter to gain admittance to the ranks of a foe, but the difficulty comes in getting away. I usually pretended to be either a deserter who wanted to join the ranks or a soldier of some other division of the army who had been taken prisoner. Before leaving headquarters I always arranged for a postoffice under some rock or crevice and never knew who came after the letters. The greatest danger lay in falling into the hands of some officer who knew me or in meeting a confederate scout who had been among our forces. There is now in Kansas City a man who was a confederate scout and who frequently saw me during the war. Neither he nor I knew the business of the other, but since the war we have become acquainted with each other's former duties. His name is Craddock and he is also a carpenter belonging to the carpenters' and joiners' union."

Out of the Reach of the Camera.

There is no apparent limit to the feats of instantaneous photography. It has caught ball players in the act of pitching, running bases, striking a ball and catching a fly. It has photographed running and trotting horses, and it has taken a successful picture of a flash of lightning. Until lately it has stopped at a bullet shot from a rifle, but by an ingenious use of electricity even that swift and diminutive object has been photographed. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate, and the bullet is fired in a dark room. As it passes the camera it breaks an electric current by which it is illuminated for an instant, when its image is transfixed on the sensitive plate. Nothing, apparently, is out of reach of instantaneous photography, unless, perhaps, it is the swift clasp knife of a "Kentucky gentleman."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

A Wife's Tender Sympathy in Hours of Pain and Trouble.

The other night I was taken with a sort of pleurisy pain, and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and snoring as if hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Eh! Yes," he growled as I nudged him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up!"

"Yum! Lemme 'lone!"

"Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain!"

"Yes, I know."

"Will you get up?"

"Whaz mazzer now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in bed.

"I am threatened with pleurisy."

"Hey! Who is it?"

"I am threatened with pleurisy and I do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."

"Bosh!" he growled, now fully awake. "You just lie quiet and the pain will go away."

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after ten minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge, staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back any moment, and even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, kicked himself under the clothes, and went to sleep while I was pulling his hair.

A night or two later, just after the bells had struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a locomotive. It gave an extra toot and awoke me, and I discovered that toot to be Mr. Bowser's voice groaning:

"For the land's sake get up or I shall be a dead man."

"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach. I'm just tied in a knot!"

"Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied as I sought the pillow again. "Lie still and it will soon go off."

"Lie still thunder!" he yelled as he got one leg out of bed. "I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I don't get relief!"

"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger on the side-board. Take a big dose of it in wine."

"I'll never find it! Oh! Heavens, what a pain!"

I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin, I therefore apparently fell asleep, and after banging around the room for a few minutes he went out. He was back again in three minutes, however, to exclaim:

"Are you going to lay there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."

"I know it, but that was because I—I—whoop! Blue blazes, but I know I'm dying!"

I had to get up, of course, and, of course, I had him relieved in a quarter of an hour. Man-like, he was frightened to death at a pain which he would have expected me to keep perfectly still about.

HISTORICAL.

Among the rights asserted by the Protestant clergy in the Middle Ages, and which caused much dispute, was exemption from lay jurisdiction even in cases of felony.

During the French and Indian war the American colonists spent $16,000,000, of which England repaid only $5,000,000. It is estimated that the Americans lost 35,000 men.

Cock fighting is said to have originated with the Athenians. It existed in the days of Thomas a Becket, and until the time of the Commonwealth it flourished, a pit at Whitehall having been erected and patronized by royalty. It was prohibited in 1654.

In ancient history, a "client" was a Roman citizen whose relation to his patron was in many respects similar to that of a serf to his feudal lord. It was the duty of the patron to watch over the interests of his clients and protect them, and to defend them in lawsuits.

Clisthenes, an Athenian stateman, the grand-uncle of Pericles, lived about 500 B. C. He increased the number of the tribes of Attica from four to ten, and made important changes in the constitution, which he rendered more democratic. He became very popular, and was the foremost Athenian statesman of his time.

Club life in London had its origin in the day of Elizabeth, when the Mermaid Tavern in Fleet street, enlivened by Shakespeare, Raleigh Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, became the name of a sort of club. Jonson afterwards founded a club at the Devil Tavern, Fleet street.

Coffee was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinia and Ethiopia it has been used from time immemorial. In 1690 it was carried by the Dutch from Mocha to Java, where it was soon extensively raised, and young plants were afterwards sent to the botanical garden at Amsterdam.

The Young Spanish Queen.

All the world knows how successfully and heroically the young Spanish queen has mantained her most trying position. This young girl came unexpectedly to the throne of a country torn with civil wars, a country where she was looked upon with hatred, and she has made her position strong, not only with power, but with love. She understands the power of personality, and is always herself on the spot reviewing the army in person, opening the cortes, attending all national exhibitions, going to the farthest part of her kingdom in case of calamity, taking active part in all government reforms, in fact, proving herself one of the most active and able of existing sovereigns.

What the Editor Said.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't say a disputatory word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the man with the blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.

"Poets are born, sir!" he said haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.

"And I'm doggoned sorry for it," said the editor.—Merchant Traveler.

Your Wife.

Your wife works quite as hard as you. her holidays are few, the breaks in the routine of her labor are very rare and the strain upon her mind and tug upon her heart are not lightened or loosened, as yours are, by brisk contact with the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in; you spend, she saves.—N. Y. Press.

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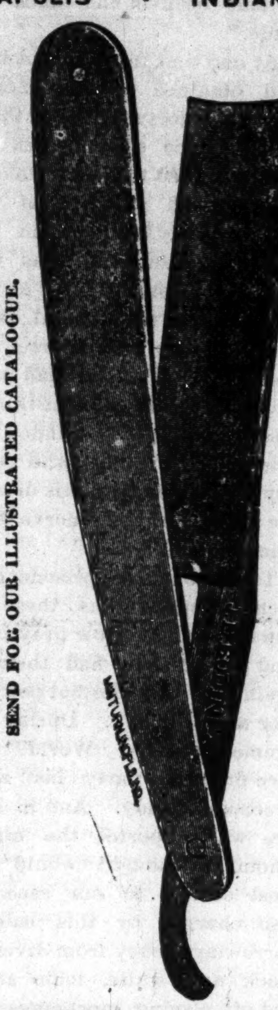

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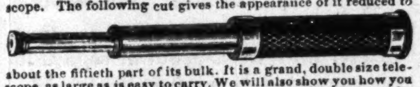

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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OUR HOLIDAY EDITION.

AMONG the many good things which will appear in the next issue will be "The Negro in 1901," (illustration).

"An Oppossum Dinner."

Portrait and Sketch of the Editor of The Freeman.

"Colored Society" in Panorama.

An Afro-American Love Story. (illustrated).

"A Romance of Slavery."

"The Hotel Waiter."

"Our Women," and many other illustrations and contributions of interest.

A newspaper like a loaded pistol is a dangerous thing in the hands of a fool.

The Presidents message has been issued, read and discussed; now what next?

AGENTS must send in their orders so as to reach us by Monday, Dec. 16, in order to receive their paper promptly and in good time.

The Blair educational bill is an imperative necessity. It is the crying need of the hour, and the present congress should see that it becomes a law.

A State convention of colored men has been called to meet in this city on the 26th of this month for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the National Afro-American League which meets in Chicago Jan. 15, 1890. The call is made by such men as Hon. J. S. Hinton and others, and a large attendance is expected.

It is not more political rights we need to further our progress and lift us up in the scale of advancement, but it is more manhood, more stability, more earnestness, more integrity, more self respect. The colored people possess the elements that will raise them to the highest possibilities of American manhood, if they will only foster them properly and utilize them in the right direction.

THERE is but one Negro holding a seat in Congress, the Hon. H. P. Cheatham, of N. C. There are two other colored men contesting for their seats, Hon. J. M. Langston, of Va., and Jas. Hill, of Miss., and we are anxious to know what disposition a Republican Congress will make of them. They come from large Republican districts and were elected bebond peradventure.

A WORD CONCERNING OURSELVES.

The best citizen is sometimes compelled to do violence to the stillness of the night, even at the expense of disturbing the peaceful slumbers of his neighbors, when the sanctity and security of his home is invaded by the thief and murderer. When you find a serpent in your path you do not surrender the right of way to the slimy, crawling thing at your feet, but you stop long enough to "bruise its head," even as it was commanded it should be done in order that you may pursue the even tenor of your way unmolested.

Readers and friends of The "Freeman," do you see the application, and seeing it, understand why we have asked you in this issue to listen to a word concerning ourselves? There is a snake, a small harmless one, yet dirty and slimy, as all snakes are, unfit to be touched by the hand. in our path, and, if you will be patient with us just a moment or so, until we have ground its head in the earth, we promise you a freedom from a repetion of the unpleasant and nauseating spectacle.

Some time ago J. Garland Penn, of Lynchburg, Va., requested a portrait and sketch of ourselves, and a history of The "Freeman" for his work now in preparation—"The Afro-American Press and Some of its Leaders." After considerable delay and much correspondence on Mr. Penn's part concerning the matter, our good friend, Mr. W. Allison Sweeney, was solicited and gave his consent to prepare the matter desired.

Feeling that Mr. Penn, like any conscientious author and compiler, would, above all, value the truth and the facts, and only the truth and the facts, for his forthcoming book, great care and pains were taken to furnish Mr. Sweeney with absolute, reliable data. n course of time the work was finished and sent to Mr. Penn and a few of the leading race journals throughout the country, and from that moment, readers of The "Freeman," arose the necessity of this digression. The gentle hub-bub and harmless compliments called out by the comely face made of ourselves by the engravers' art, accompanied by the biographical sketch prepared by Mr. Sweeney, was too much for the small editor of the Indianapolis World, and immediately threw him into violent paroxysms and convulsions.

Affecting him as the red flag goads the bull in the pen, this pee-wee creature of the "World," the elder Christy, he of the bullet head, rolling lip and bandy legs, weight 105 pounds, became furious. Mr. Sweeney's article had thrown him into something very like an apoplectic fit. The sequel was that nearly a column of free advertising for The "Freeman" appeared in the last issue of his medicated "weakling." That portion of Mr. Sweeney's sketch that seemed to give the most poignant offense to the despicable jumping-jack of the "World" was the reference to the "sickly existence" of the same paper before we had taken hold of it the second time. But notice, if you please, readers of The "Freeman," how this chamelion by the wayside, this green snake in our path, wriggles and twists his creeping carcass, and finally convicts himself of jackassology, and in the end sustains our statement, to the effect that we found the "World" enjoying a "sickly existence" and left it in first-class condition, as colored papers go. According to his statement, all but four of the original "stockholders of the "World" had dropped out, and on the 19th of March, 1883, and before our return to the business control of the paper, he was elected manager by the remaining four stockholders of the same. He admits that the "World" had at that time but five hundred subscribers, and that its "only effects were a lamp, two tables and two chairs." After refering to the fact that we had become a route agent in the railway mail service, and was tricked into trouble by designing white men who wanted our place, but who failed to obtain it, it being a hard thing to convict an innocent man, even though a great government with millions at its command be the prosecutor. he said we came and want d to get on The World. Blacker lie never came from the putrid throat of an emasculated excrescence. We came and "wanted to get on The World." Time and again we had avoided and shunned him, knowing his errand, for his breath was rotten and he was a bore and a pest, as all who have ever met him will testify that he is to-day. Finally, after much persuasion on the part of friends who felt that we possessed the qualities necessary to a successful newspaper man, we consented to associate ourselves with him in the conduct of the paper. With hardly a dollar paid upon the type that he tells a "juggling" story about procuring, with a white man as partner, and with the lamp and tables referred to above as the sole furniture of the office, the new World, under our management, not his, 'rose phœnix like from its own ashes, until the "sickly existence" gave away to robust health, and in less than two years, from a mere local sheet, it became a national organ of the colored people, read in every State and clipped by all of its cotemporaries. What was the motive power, the secret of the success that attended it under our management? Brains, push, progressiveness, untiring industry, sleepless vigilance. "He confined himself chiefly to the advertising and L. E. Christy, the subscription, and it is safe to say that 90 per cent. of all the subscribers to "The World" were secured by the latter." So speaks this parody editor in the last issue of his "excuse."

We did not confine ourselves to the advertising, but gave it our personal supervision as we did every other feature of the paper, and well it was that we did. A hundred times he would have gone to bed hungry, paraded the streets in seatless pants, or counted the "ties" on his homeward journeys from his moneyless quests for subscribers, had we not made an all around man of ourselves that the paper might live, and food and raiment be given to this wretch who is trying in his weak, "niggerly" way to sting the hand that fed him. Yet with all our vigilance and care, with an eye single to the main chance, the success of the paper, our heart grew sick within us, more than once. Every newspaper man knows the troubles and anxieties of "press day," when bills have to be met with "cash" and no "tick" goes at the office. Many a time, when the last quire was about "run off" have we rushed over to some of our biggest advertisers to collect a forty or fifty dollar bill past due, having allowed it to stand, to help us out of a close place, to be crushed with the statement "that Mr. Christy and family had been in and taken it out in trade."

At one time a prominent undertaker had obtained advertisements to the amount of forty dollars or thereabouts. A close place stared us in the face. We presented the undertaker his bill and received payment of the same, minus thirty dollars, due the house from this attenuated dead beat, who had refused steadily for a number of years to pay the funeral expenses of his dead son. Of course, we were powerless. The bill had to be paid and duly receipted, is still in our possession, a mute reminder of an unprincipled wretch, who refusing to pay for the burial of his dead boy, has the hardihood and nerve to prate of principle and honor.

Talk about the "prisoner of Chillon" such experiences as these make a newspaper man grow gray in a night. And yet we have had them time and again with this vile but petty calumniator and still live. During our management of the "World" it was for race first and party last, as is "The Freeman" to-day. And in local politics we supported the man or men whom we thought would be of the most service to our race. We are also charged by this jealous cur of borrowing money from divers people, black and white, male and female and of placing mortgages upon our household goods, one, two, and it may be three at a time, during our partnership with him upon the "World."

The charge is true. More than once, more times than this rascally worthless sack of bone's marrow, eaten with disease, was aware of did we jeopardize the peace of our home, and nearly wreck the trust and happiness of our family, that his business integrity might not go by default, and food and raiment be given to his little family. We kept his head above the waves; we led him like a child past the breakers that gathered about him, we gave him a reputation for square dealing that he never earned; we dissipated the cloud of reproach that his general cussedness and worthlessness had permitted to settle around the baby grave of his prattiing boy, for the unflagging pursuit of the creditor looking through the cold, glittering eyes of business, is not checked by the gleam of the headstone, or the appeal of innocent sufferers.

Yes, we did these things, and many a time since, as opportunity for cool, dispassionate reflection came to us, we have asked ourselves, if, after all, even for the sake of business probity, were we justified in going to the length we did? Should we not at the first evidence of this Slick's Judas composition have broke from him and exposed him to the world? True the innocent and helpless, who would suffer with him, appealed to the tender in our nature. But should not charity begin at home, and should not our own loved and dependent ones have first commanded our attention? However, when we could endure it no longer, we unloaded him, glad to escape at any sacrifice. We opposed the admission of his brother, L. D. S. Christy, into the firm out of regard for that young man's welfare and nothing else. A pleasing young gentleman, a waiter by occupation receiving on an average of twenty-five and twenty dollars a month, he had succeeded by strict economy in saving quite a little sum of money which we knew would be thrown away if he listened to his brother's unreliable promises. The Freeman has an individuality peculiar by its own, a mission and a place. We shall pay no further attention to the snappings of this cur at our heels, but shall continue to publish the greatest and only illustrated newspaper published by colored men in America. Now is the time to subscribe.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

We are now preparing for the holidays edition of The Freeman, in which we shall aim to excell all previous numbers. There will be original poems and stories written and illustrated wholly by Negro talent. cartoons and colored portraits will also be a feature of this number. Every feature will be original and new even to a new heading and dress. Delinquent subscribers and agents should pay up so as not to miss this issue.

DELINQUENT subscribers and agents who wish to receive our elegant holiday number should remit at once or they may miss it.

OUR JOURNALISTS AND LITERARY FOLKS.

The Columbia (Ga.) Daily Messenger has been resuscitated.

: : :

Newberne, N. C., will have a new colored Catholic school this winter, taught by the Sisters of Mercy.

: : :

Head and Hand, the organ of Lemoyne Institute, is out for November. It is a neat and spicy little sheet.

: : :

The National Eye is the name of a new Negro Democratic paper soon to be issued by colored men at Peekskill N. Y.

: : :

Mr. T. G. Tracy, a contributor to The Pelican, has been appointed chief clerk of the United States Mint at New Orleans, La.

: : :

It now looks as if Hon. B. K. Bruce would be appointed Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia to succeed J. M. Trotter.

: : :

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, the popular lecturess and temperance reformer, is laboring in Georgia. We congratulate our Georgia friends upon having so noble a worker among them.

: : :

Edward E. Cooper, Esq., deserves abundance of praise for what he has done toward elevating Negro journalism. His paper, The Freeman, is a

ry, B. A. Johnson, 600 Q street, Sacramento, Cal.

: : :

Mr. Robert E. Pollard has been appointed cashier of the Tribune and is authorized to collect all subscriptions for the paper, and to receipt for all bills due the Tribune office.—Savannah Tribune.

Wonder who will collect for ads, dun subscribers and stand off the creditors while the cashier is attending to his duties.

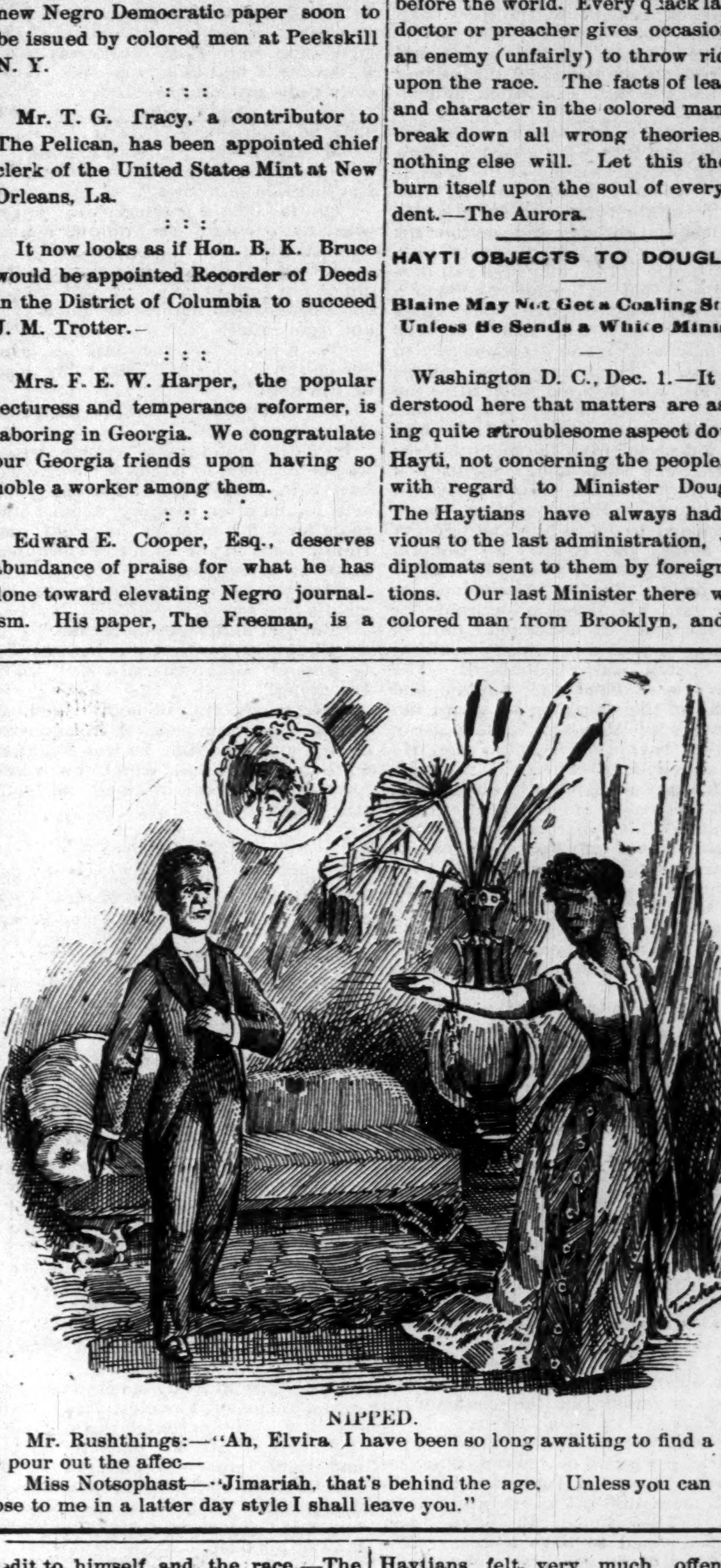
: : :

Every colored young man and woman of promise should remain in the schools long enough to secure a good education, good development and culture. Let it be remembered that the colored race being "only twenty-seven years old," has its reputation to make before the world. Every quack lawyer, doctor or preacher gives occasion for an enemy (unfairly) to throw ridicule upon the race. The facts of learning and character in the colored man will break down all wrong theories. and nothing else will. Let this thought burn itself upon the soul of every student.—The Aurora.

HAYTI OBJECTS TO DOUGLASS.

Blaine May Not Get a Coaling Station Unless He Sends a White Minister.

Washington D. C., Dec. 1.—It is understood here that matters are assuming quite a troublesome aspect down in Hayti, not concerning the people. but with regard to Minister Douglass. The Haytians have always had previous to the last administration, white diplomats sent to them by foreign nations. Our last Minister there was a colored man from Brooklyn, and the



NIPPED.

Mr. Rushthings:—"Ah, Elvira. I have been so long awaiting to find a time to pour out the affec—

Miss Notsophast—"Jimariah, that's behind the age. Unless you can propose to me in a latter day style I shall leave you."

credit to himself and the race.—The Atlanta Appeal.

: : :

The public spirited Afro-American women of Memphis, Tenn., are discussing the feasibility of forming a woman's league, after the pattern of the one by Mr. Fortune. This is enterprising and right.

: : :

Mr. Henry T. Bailey, of Cambridge, who graduated from Harvard College last June, has accepted the position of private secretary to Prof. B. T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Normal Institute in Alabama.

: : :

Sam Summers, an Afro-American, who lives near Shelbyville, Ky., seems half-witted, but is a lightning calculator. He is a farm hand but "gets there just the same" in mathematics. He is termed the "Negro Prodigy."

: : :

Mrs. C. C. Lewis and Mr. F. B. Waring, of Chicago. have in active preparation the "Baron's Wager," which will be presented at Bethesda Church, Monday. December 9. 1889. They will be assisted by other local talent.

: : :

Mr. F. J. Loudin, of the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers, is now in Australia. They will visit India, China, Japan and return to this country via British Columbia, after which they will very probably disband. Mr. Loudin has been very successful and is rich.

: : :

The Sacramento Bell Fund and kindred societies on the Pacific Coast have resolved to erect a memorial over the remains of the late pioneer editor, Philip A. Bell, in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco. Subscripons to be sent direct to the Secreta-

Haytians felt very much offended. When they learned that Douglass was to be sent to them by this Administration they were angrier still, and Secretary Blaine has learned so to his regret. Secretary Blaine wants very much to secure a piece of land near Port au Prince for a coaling station, and one of the things he impressed on Douglass' mind before the latter left Hayti was that that land for a coaling station must be got.

When Admiral Gherardi returned from Hayti after the recent revolution he was summoned to Washington, and at a Cabinet meeting explained how matters stood in Hayti. The Administration was nonplussed. It did not know what to do; but, finally, Mr. Blaine, knowing that Gen. Hippolyte likes Gherardi, decided with Secretary Tracy's help to send the Admiral to try, and secure the concession. If Gherardi fails it is not at all improbable that Douglass will be given a gentle hint to resign.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Written expressly for The Freeman.

Litt e Pilgrims sta ting out,
For th holy land,
Have you ground your armor on,
Is your staff in hand?
You will need them by and by,
For the foe is ever nigh.

Yes! and we would not turn back,
For our colors fly,
Onward shall our watchword be,
We will do or die.
For our little Pilgrim band
Is guided by the Savior's hand.

Ever shall our watch-word be,
When he leads the way,
Onward! we will trust our Guide,
We will watch and pray.
And shout when dangers all are past,
Victory! Victory! won at last.

Mrs Ann e Gas way.

A Political Conundrum.

Southwestern Christian Advocate.

Why do all the coloped applicants for office apply for the same positions

RICE GLEANINGS

A conference of the leading colored men of Va. will be held at Richmond on the 17th ult.

A. O. Coffin, Ph; D. now occupies the chair of Mathematics in Wiley University, Marshall Texas.

Joseph W. Wiley is a successful lawyer and real estate dealer of Dallas Texas. He is an Ohio boy.

Dallas Texas has a colored population of 15,000 but no recognition in the civil or municipal government.

Abraham Lincoln, a young Negro was shot and killed Monday by the overseer of Schmidt and Yiegler's plantation, near Waggaman, La.

Mrs. M. A. Wade, an intelligent and respectable colored lady of Eola, La., has been appointed Post Mistress of that place. The N. O. Times Democrat has become incensed at the appointment as an "insult and an outrage."

Editor E. E. Cooper, of the Indianapolis Freeman, certainly deserves great credit for the success he is making of that paper. "It is a daisy." Star of Zion.

We join in the praise in saying The Freeman is the greatest Negro paper now published.—Mutual Enterprise Dallas Tex.

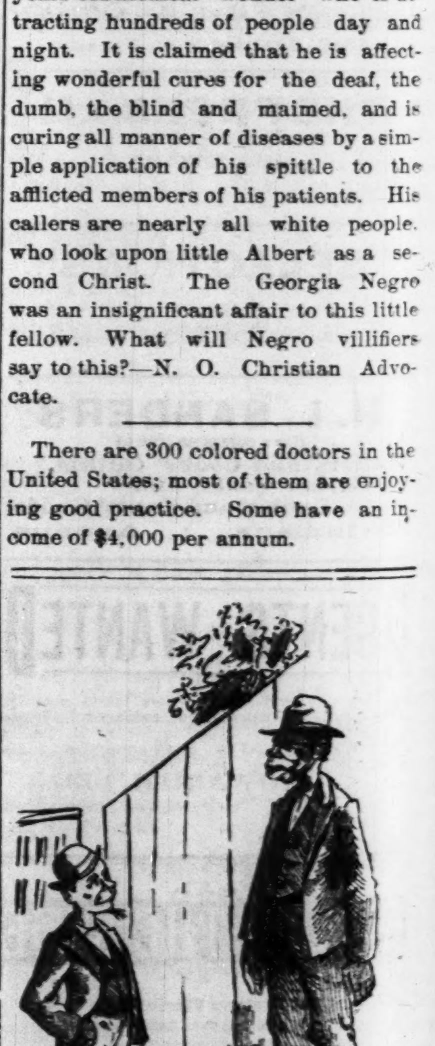
Mervine Thompson, the pugilist. who claims to be a white man but who is an Afro-American as his hair will prove, fought "Big Six," a Birmingham, Ala., colored man, last week in that city and was "knocked cold." This is the third or fourth time the would-be white "Thunderbolt" has received his "gruel" at the hands of colored men proud of their connection with the race. Thompson used to live here in Cleveland.—Gazette.

The largest colored tax payers in Augusta are the widows. There are five whose Augusta possession foot up something over $70,000. One pays tax on $22,000 worth of real estate. Counting their railroad and other bonds these five rich widows can lay claim to quite $100,000. They are pretty fair looking some of them quite attractive.—Sentinel.

Widows of this kind are always good looking and attractive, brother Wright.

New Orleans is in a fever of excitement over the presence of Albert Simoneaux. of Donaldsonville, the seven years old medical wonder who is attracting hundreds of people day and night. It is claimed that he is affecting wonderful cures for the deaf, the dumb, the blind and maimed, and is curing all manner of diseases by a simple application of his spittle to the afflicted members of his patients. His callers are nearly all white people. who look upon little Albert as a second Christ. The Georgia Negro was an insignificant affair to this little fellow. What will Negro villifiers say to this?—N. O. Christian Advocate.

There are 300 colored doctors in the United States; most of them are enjoying good practice. Some have an income of $4,000 per annum.



WELL QUALIFIED.

"I've come to help put up the telegraph poles now, but I wants two men's pay."

"Yes, but what's that for?"

"Well, when yer hires me yer can s'carge two of yer other men."

SOUTHERN BEACON LIGHT.

Allen University Raises a Handsome Sum for Itself—Dr. Coppin's New Song.

Columbia, S. C. Special.

The annual conference of the Columbia Conference of the A. M. E. Church was convened in Bethel A. M. E. Church, on Tuesday, Dec. 3d, with Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D., presiding.

On Thursday night the educational meeting was held. The report of Allen University was read by the president, J. W. Morris, showing the university to be in a fine condition, and having 250 students in attendance.

An address was delivered by Dr. W. D. Johnson, of Athens, Ga., on education, which was very good. He was followed by Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who is principal of the intermediate department of the university. She delivered one of the finest addresses on moral education and the education women that we ever heard. She made a talk of about twenty or twenty-five minutes, but she held the conference spellbound for the time, and received great applause when she had finished. A collection was then taken up, which amounted to $509.

The collection of $509 on Thursday night was increased to the total sum of $1,342.41, being the largest amount ever collected in this country among colored people at one time for education. Rev. R. E. Wall, the treasurer of Allen, read his report, which showed that there had been collected and expended since the last conference, for the university, $4,558.91.

On Friday night the quarto-centenary of the establishment of the A. M. E. Church in South Carolina, which was on May 15, 1865, at Charleston, S. C., was celebrated by appropriate ceremonies. The first speaker was Rev. W. M. Thomas, who was present at the establishment. It was established by Bishops Waymen and Pogue, and Rev. James Lynch, who was a chaplain in the United States army and stationed at Charleston at the time with fourteen members in the basement of Trinity M. E. Church South. The church in South Carolina now numbers over 65,000 members, and holds more than $250,000 in property. The first conference had only nine men, and to-day there were between thirty and forty ordained as ministers in the Columbia Conference, which has only half the State. Rev. Thomas was followed by Revs. J. T. Baker, A. M. Weston, Grant, Jefferson and others.

Mrs. Caroline Brown was presented to the conference. She came down from Newberry, S. C., to Columbia, in 1866, for the purpose of getting a minister to go to Newberry to establish an A. M. E. Church there. At that time this was very dangerous for them to do.

There are several prominent ministers visiting the conference, among whom are Drs. S. H. Robertson and W. D. Johnson, of Georgia; L. J. Coppin, Dr. W. B. Derrick, of New York; J. C. Embry, of Philadelphia, Pa.; B. F. Porter, of Kentucky, and Rev. W. H. Heard, of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Coppin has introduced a new song of his own composition, entitled "The World is Moving On," which he renders well.

On Saturday the board of trustees of Allen University was elected as follows: C. P. Nelson, Hiram Young, S. H. Jefferson, W. M. Thomas, R. E. Wall, J. W. Lykes, W. D. Chappell.

PINE BLUFF LITERARIES.

Pine Bluff, Ark.

The Branch Normal Senior Literary Society met, was called to order by President B. J. Brown and the following programme was rendered;

SONG—"Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." .... Choir.
COMPOSITION—R. B. Tagan...... "What is Sense?"
SELECT READING—Miss Cassie Sneed..... "Some of the Footsteps of the Lord."
ESSAY—Miss Josie Jamison........... "Man is a Progressive Being."
COM.—Joseph Rose............. "Progress of the Negro Race."
SONG—"What shall the Harvest Be."..... Choir.
ESSAY—Miss Zula Patterson........ "What the Young Race Should Be, and Remember."
ADDRESS—J. T. Chambliss........ "Young Ladies and Gentlemen, You are Needed and Wanted."
SELECT READING—Miss Nellie Goodloe.... "Sleepers of Marathan."
READING—Miss L. V. Patillo.......... "The Landing of the Pilgrims."
SONG—"Varina"................... Choir.
DEBATE—Resolved, "That Civilization is More Indebted to Intellectual Culture, than Physical Suffering."

Aff. { J. H. Ford, Miss Lucy Chapman, G. W. Sanders.
Neg. { J. W. Miller, Miss Juary Barnett, W. C. Simpson,

B. J. Brown.................... President.
C. M. Critz.................... Secretary.
R. H. Allen.................. Cor. Secretary

A BIG JOB.
Old Gent: What are you going to do with the dog?
The little un: He's so bad, ma told me to take 'im out and hang 'im.

THE COLOR LINE A FAILURE

In the Colored Churches of Chicago—Better Treatment Demanded for the Colored Firemen—Holiday Attractions—Personal and Local Happenings.

Chicago, Ill., Special.

The opposition mass meeting held at Olivet Church last Sundry was enthusiastic in its protest against a separate Y. M. C. A. for young colored men. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, many being unable to gain admittance. Mr. E. H. Morris, chairman, stated the object of the call and wanted to hear from both sides, and requested no applause by the audience. The choir then sang "I'll Stand by You Until the Morning." The speakers were Messrs. S. Taylor, S. C. White, a member of the Y. M. C. A.; W. G. Anderson, Mrs. S. McCary, who has the care of training children, white and colored together, and her protest was strong; Hon. H. C. Carter. E. H. Morris, Esq., voiced the sentiment that the protest is not against the Y. M. C. A., but drawing of the color line as a separate body. The foreign elements have theirs solely because they speak different languages, and are not at all American citizens, while the colored man is American to the manner born. I. P. Rivers placed his little three-year-old, Master J. C. Rivers, upon the rostrum, remarking that as he unfortunately was born a slave he did not want his little brown boy to have any recollection impressed upon him as a colored boy, and no other intelligent colored parent. A set of resolutions were unanimously adopted, deprecating a colored Y. M. C. A., and instructing all who desired, and could, to join the general body, and not do ourselves what we have been fighting. Draw the color line in Chicago. F. L. Barnett was present and accepted manfully the Waterloo.

The St. Ambrose Mission of Young Ladies, under the management of Miss A. G. Nelson, gave a winter fete at the residence of Mrs. J. Chinn, 929 Lake street, Dec. 4. Their friends went out in masses. They deserve much credit, but the occasion was void of any exercises. The gathering was a talented one.

An effort is on foot by the Evangelical Mission, at 21st and State streets, to raise money for a colored night school. There are some nine night schools, free to all, now in the city, which The Freeman will locate in next issue for the benefit of those desiring to attend white or colored.

Mr. Bass Jones, formerly of Washington, D. C., was buried from his residence, 440 North Clark street, Tuesday last. He leaves a widow and a bright little five-year-old daughter, Silestine, and many friends to mourn his loss.

RESTAURNNTS, BOARDING HOUSES, BARBER SHOPS, ETC.

Among some of our enterprising places and business houses may be found R. S. Bryan, the Estella Cafe; L. W. Ferrell, 171 Third avenue; C. W. Tweedy, 147 Third avenue; Dick's Place, 2634 State street; W. H. Harris, 11 Polk street, Mrs. F. Brown, 571 State street; A. L. Jones. 468 State street; H. R. Fizer, 145 Third avenue. Always ask to see The Freeman when you call, and note their extreme hospitality and appreciation. tf

Look out for the literary and intellectual test on the North Side Dec. 30.

There will soon be held a mass meeting, the object of which is to have the wrongs heaped upon our colored firemen righted, and see that they get better treatment. Fire Marshal Sweaney will be the target.

President Harrison and his escort arrived here Monday morning, to be present at the dedication ceremonies of the Auditorium, the building in which he was nominated. No demonstration or decorations greeted him worthy of mention, the drainage election to occur Thursday receiving all the attention.

The R. S. Bryan First Ward Association met at 640 State street, Saturday evening and elected R. S. Bryan, President; R. B. Cabbell, Vice President, and J. C. Butler, Secretary. The charter, constitution and preamble were read. Speeches were made by Messrs. Lewss, Rivers, Porter and Hon. J. W. E. Thomas. Their aims are for the betterment of the colored man in all pursuits of life.

The Bethesda Baptist Church gave its first drama concert of the season to a large house on the 9th. The talent included Messrs L. N. Courott, G. T. Whish, J. Landy, C. C. Lewis, F. B. Waring, Misses D. Morehead, Z. Bell, E. Cooper. It was a rare treat.

As this will be the location of the World's Fair and the Afro-American Convention, we will give a special ad. column to Chicago and its restaurants, boarding houses, etc., who have this advantage for transient custom:

WHERE TO GET AND SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FREEMAN.

Estella Restaurant and Cafe, 446 State St. Open all night.
L. W. Ferrell, Delmonico Cafe, 171 Third Ave.
F. Hunt, 669 Austin Ave.
Wm. Akers, 256 N. Clark St.
W. M. Davis, 616 Morris St., Studio.
B. Buckner, 715 Chestnut St., Studio.
G. Nichols, 643 Lake St.
Chicago Cor. Address The Freeman, 166 Wells St. tf

AMATEURS NOT WANTED.

Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 24, 1889.

Having seen your kind wishes to the company of singers who left New York on the 20th Oct. for Jamaica. I think it would be of some interest to you and your readers to know how they have succeeded and at the same time be a warning to other empirics, hearing that the celebrated Mme. Jones backed by a company of first class singers like Miss Hattie Brown, Miss S. Johnson, Messrs L. Brown, (than whom a greater base has never been heard here) W. Stevens, W. H. Pierce, etc., we anxiously awaited their arrival. Alas; "we" were doomed to disappointment, instead of those "brilliant stars" of the colored race "we" were to be tortured by a group of 3rd rate singers, who have failed entirely. To-night a company of "amateurs" will give a concert to aid them back to their homes. Let 3rd class men "give us a rest." The race is quite able to "hold its own when singing is called for; therefore, "we" ought to try to be "sine culpa" on our own ground. Should you see fit to insert this it may be of use to others who want to come this way. Thanking you for your space I am,

AN OBSERVER.

TO THE LADIES OF INDIANAPOLIS.

I am now prepared to send an agent to your city within a week fully prepared to give treatment for the hair under my French System of Hair Improvement. All ladies wishing to make arrangement for that date can consult Mrs Arilla Knox, No. 118 N. Tenn. st. REBECCA E. ELLIOTT,
tf Hair Culturist.

A fireman is one of the few men who can always keep cool no matter how much he becomes heated.

CHURCH SCHISMS.

Wrangles Not Beneficial—Pensacola Pickings—Paragraphs Pertinent and Personal.

Pensacola, Fla., Special to The Freeman.

It was rumored last week that the officials and some members of the St. John Baptist Church had agreed among themselves to prohibit all Methodist ministers from occupying their pulpit. A former pastor of this church once nourished such an idea, prompted, as he intimated, that he had a right to, owing to the actions of an ex-Zion minister. There is no law governing this church that justifies such a move, and knowing as I do the present pastor, I can safely say that this backward move does not originate with him. The pastor of this church, the Rev. James Banks, has held several important positions among the colored people. Prominent among them were, President of the Baymen organization, one of the founders of the Masonic order, and other places of equal importance. He also mingles freely, and his company is highly acceptable, among all of the colored ministers of the different denominations here and he would treat such a movement with the greatest contempt. Furthermore, he is a strong advocate of progress and morality and perfect harmony among all the religious denominations. Working for the advancement of his people is one of his chief delights. As an evidence of this he is trying to build a nice brick church and convert the present one into a high school for colored youths.

Step by step our energetic, enterprising and progressive colored men are going to the front. The latest move on their part is the establishment of the Pensacola and Birmingham Restaurant, under the management of Messrs. Alfred Washington and Jacob Kelker, at 200, corner of Tarragona and Garden streets, the well located and handsome building formerly occupied by John Sunday. The entire spacious building has all the modern improvements that goes to make up a first-class eating saloon, and is most handsomely and exquisitely papered throughout with the most choice paper. In this building there are several rooms fitted up in grand style, where the public can obtain board and lodging by the day, week or month on the most reasonable terms. The proprietors of this establishment are some of Pensacola's best and most influential citizens, and they do not intend for their reputation to suffer by conducting a second class house.

Strenuous and commendable efforts are being made by the city officials to put Pensacola in a first-class sanitary condition. So far they are succeeding grandly. But there is one thing crooked about these gentlemen, i. e.: they have a great many colored men who vote and work with them for their party's success, and out of all the support they get from them they have but one as an officer. Moreover the city population is made up largely of colored people who pay taxes on a large amount of property, and it is no more than fair that two of them should be on the aldermanic board.

George West, formerly with Messrs. Heinberg Bros., has begun business for himself at No. 14 Tarragona st. Having had considerable experience in the grocery business, and being an honest and Christian gentleman, he intends to deal fair and sell as low as the lowest.

Peter and Zachariah Darly, sons of the Rev. Thomas Darly, pastor of the A. M. E. Z. church, are now engaged in the painting and kalsomining business.

W. H. Dunbar, a large real estate owner, is building a large addition to his already commodious residence.

David Allen is comfortably domiciled on his newly purchased property in the western part of the city.

Robert Matthews, a brother of our distinguished townsman, R. H. Matthews, is erecting a cosy residence in the eastern part of the city.

S. D. Jackson can supply Pensacola with The Freeman, New York Tribune, New York Age, and the Catholic Tribune. Leave orders at Prof. James Black's, on Tarragona street, or W. M. Taylor's. corner of Tarragona and Romana streets.

Richard Morris has in connection with his choice family grocery at 201, corner of Intendencia and Baylen streets, a restaurant. Board can also be obtained here on the most reasonable terms.

J. B. Lewis and W. P. A. Wyer are preparing to enlarge their establishment, renovate it, and add to their immense stock of candies, cakes, fruits, etc. They make wedding cake a specialty. Also serve oysters in every conceivable style. S. D. J.

LOCAL POLITICS.

Mr. John Johnson is out in the race for the nomination for Sheriff of Marion county. Mr. Johnson is one of the Democrats who has always done what he could for the interests of the party in the way of work, money and whatever service he could render, and it seems that his claim on the party is just and should receive more than a passing consideration.

Mr. John Osterman, the present Treasurer of Marion county, is a candidate for re-election. Mr. Osterman conducts the office on purely busines methods, and it is safe to say that the office is in better condition than at any other time in the history of Marion county.

Mr. John Steeg is hustling for the Democratic nomination for Recorder of Marion county.

Mr. John Holtzman is a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of Marion county. Mr. Holtzman has been deputy prosecutor for two terms and is thoroughly competent to discharge the duties with credit.

OUR DEAD-HEAD LIST.

C. H. Howard, 724 Wyoming st., Philadelphia, Pa., $4; Granville T. Woods (inventor), Cincinnati, O., $5; F. G. Parker, St. Paul, Minn., $1; J. H. Penrose, Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., $5; Hon. John H. Smythe Washington, D. C., $1.50, Rev. M. Conway, Wilmington, N. C., $4; Robert M. Budd (Back Number Budd), 1280 Broadway st., New York, $15; John Rivers, Jr., Fernandina, Fla., $4.60; F. P. Richardson (money collected), Pittsburg, Tex., $2.40; W. V. Russell, 36 Main st., Carmi, Ill., $1.60; Rev. J. H. Thompson, Argenta, Ark., $5; W. H. Moore, Adrian, Mich., $1.40; S. W. Hayden (money collected), Wamega, Kan., $1.75; W. A. Beetis, Wichita, Kan., $11.05; Frank Logan, 728 Washington st., Paducah, Ky., $8.48; T. S. Cannington, 144 West 63d st., New York, $9; S. J. Edwards, Main and 12th, Litile Rock, Ark., $5; J. N. Daniel, Dupree st., Memphis. Tenn., $13.20; Percy R. Talbert, 98 Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y., $3.50; I. T. Thomas, 821 Main st., Dallas, Tex., $6.07; Clifford C. Smith. Box 278, Madison Ind., $498.

INCONTROLLABLE.
Mrs. Curlique—"What on earth, darling, are you drunk?"
Mr. Curlique—"Noin, dear. De (hic) wind blew me (hic) 'bout so it's hard to git over de motionsh."

Chrlie Hunn again captured New York last week with his funny sayings and songs.

At Providence Opera House, week of 16th, Carleton Opera Company; Keith's Gaiety Opera House, Two Macs Specialty.

Tom McIntosh and son are at present playing the Michigan circuit. Tom still continues to open his mouth, and the audience are compelled to laugh.

All matters intended for the stage column should be addressed to "Trage," 115 Meeting street, Providence, R. I. Queries concerning the stage will be answered not by mail, but through these columns. Routes of artists published free of charge.

Miss Florence Williams, manager of the New York Concert Company, which sailed for the West Indies on Oct. 20, is expected to arrive in New York on Wednesday in search of some new talent for her company, which does not seem to be giving entire satisfaction.

Mr. Louis L. Brown, of Green's minstrels, who is considered by many musical critics as being the finest colored baritone singer in Americr, is negotiating for a trip to the West Indies. Mr. Brown proved a success in that country on his previous tour, which ended last February.

Mme. Louise Mars' drama, "Leon, the Gypsy Queen," was presented by the Providence Ideal Dramatic Company, in Ives Post Hall, Providence, R. I., on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst. The play is in five acts, and the plot is as follows: Cecil Clifton, a wealthy gentleman and in love with Mildred Castellani, who promises to become his wife. Mildred has a dear friend, Ethel Ellesmere, who also loves Cecil and who is determined to win him, if not by fair means then by foul means. Cecil starts on a trip to England. Shortly after Mildred receives a letter with Cecil's name signed, but which is written by Ethel, telling Mildred that he has found her untrue and rejects her hand. She then wanders to a band of gypsies and is made their queen, and is given the name of Leon. Ethel becomes the wife of Cecil, and unto them a daughter is born whom they named Corine. While little Corine was strolling in the woods one day she lost her way and was stolen by one of the gypsies, who carried her to Leon, and informed her whose child it was. The queen, who had sworn revenge, kept the child to carry out her oath. A few years after Ethel took sick, and just before her death revealed the story to Cecil of how she had separated him and Mildred. After a lapse of ten years a plot was arranged by the gypsies to rob Clifton Hall (Cecil's residence). Paquita, which was Corine's gypsy name, overheard the plans and goes to warn Cecil. After several questions he discovers that she is his own child. Leon, who learns where the child has gone, goes to bring her back to the gypsy camp. Cecil stops her and wants to know who she is, and she reveals and all becomes reconciled once more. The play was well staged, Mme. Mars playing parts of Mildred and Leon. As the deserted lover she was very effective. Miss Adams, as Corine Clifton and Paquita, scored a hit from the beginning, her stage presence, gestures and delivery showing careful study. Mr. John Mitchell, as Cecil Clifton, did not seem to convey the proper conception of the broken-hearted father. I would advise him next time to give a character more careful study. Mr. Mitchell is the possessor of considerable talent. Mr. Charles Moore, as Harry Harcourt, an English fop, was all that could be expected, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Mr. Fred Cone took ill a day before the performance, and his part was well filled by Mr. Edward Davis. The rest of the parts were fairly impersonated. The music was very sweet and appropriate, and well rendered. The hall was well filled, and those who took part deserve great credit for their work.

Don't forget the holiday number out next Saturday. TRAGE.

TRANS-ASTRA.

There is no fear of death
For souls that soar in faith
Above this world's incarcerating bars,
And so, by inner sight,
Behold that Land of light,
Whose glory dims the splendor of the stars!

Such, with the spirit's ear,
Most marvellous music hear,
Seraphic anthems, sung in unseen skies,
And breathe—devinely blent
With the grave's noxious scent—
The lily-perfumed airs of Paradise.

ENOCH'S LOSS AND GAIN.

There had been two weeks of kite-flying on the common out Vanderbilt way—two weeks of intense delight to almost every chick and child in the West end—but still little Enoch was unsatisfied. He had never had a kite of his own. It is true Tommy Boland had let him hold his string once when his kite was up, but only for a minute while he "h'isted" for another boy, "and twarn't like yer awn, yer very own," Enoch had said.

His heart's desire was to possess a kite of his own. He knew Tommy would lift it for him, and he liked to contemplate the joy he would have in sitting on his rock, holding his own kite pulling against the wind.

Enoch was fond of the common, any-how. It seemed to him that it was his big house, with a green and yellow and brown carpet on the floor, and a big blue ceiling away up high—higher even than his kite would go, if he had one.

Enoch lived on the pike with Granny Winship, the vegetable woman. Why he lived there he never knew. He sometimes thought he remembered a beautiful house—more beautiful even than the commons—with flowers and pictures, and some one, so beautiful, dressed all in white, who used to come to his bedside and kiss him, but it was a very vague memory, and he seldom thought of it, save when he was alone. He was alone on the commons a great deal. In the early morn he would sit on his big gray stone by the water-cress stream and poke with his little crutch into the soft mud, making little wells for the water to fill, and in the evening, when the boys were out, he watched them at their play.

He had helped Granny to gather the vegetables one morning, and she had let him ride with her in the little cart as far as the common. She gave him a large flat basket of beans, which he was to take to Mrs. Thomas on Broad street, and then await her coming on the common. Enoch had hardly taken his seat on his stone when two young ladies with their color boxes and stools came by, going to make an early morning sketch.

They stopped and spoke to the little boy, and one of them said:

"Why, isn't this water-cress here?"

"Yessum," said Enoch, "and mighty sweet an' good it is, too. I don't eat nothin' else for lunch some days.

"Well, then, you must get very hungry, my little man," said one of the artists.

"Oh, how I wish Mrs. Stewart had some of the cress," said the other. "She is so fond of it. I wonder why some one doesn't get it and sell it."

"Would anybody buy it?" inquired Enoch eagerly.

"Oh, yes," said the girls, and then they showed him how to pick and wash it.

Enoch knew that Granny went to Mrs. Stewart's, and conceiving a sudden purpose, he picked and washed enough cress to fill the basket. When Granny came he told her what he had, and she very willingly carried him with her to Mrs. Stewart's.

He was very proud of the dime he got for his basket of sweet cresses, and Granny said:

"Well, as that's the first money you ever made you can spend it as you please. I'll be bound it goes for candy."

"No, it won't, Granny; you'll see," said Enoch.

He was up betimes the next morning, and at the little store on West End avenue before the door was open. It was a dirty, dusty little shop enough, but it was perfectly gorgeous in Enoch's eyes, because behind the fly-specked glass in the little show window he had seen rows and rows of kites, green and blue and yellow and red—every color and shape and form; kites with tails, and kites without.

Presently, as Enoch was beginning to wonder if perhaps the man had moved away, the man came out himself and took down the shutters. "I wants er kite, mister," said Enoch, hobbling into the store. "I want the blue one with white wings."

Enoch waited anxiously till Tommy Boland came by the common on his return from market. He felt that he could not wait till the afternoon, when other boys would be out.

Tommy was glad enough to "h'ist" the kite for him, and when the tail was properly adjusted and the beautiful paper sails were swelling nicely in the breeze, Enoch took the string and sat down to enjoy his possession. He watched the children pass by on their way to school and almost forgot to envy them their ability to go. He could scarcely discern the outlines of his kite against the blue above, but "She's all right," he said; "she's er pullin' steddy, an' she's mine—my very own."

He kept very still on his rock lest he should disturb his kite, but it seemed to him he was following it, and that it was leading him away—up above the Vanderbilt "horns," above the new West End church spire even—up to a place where there were birds, and flowers, and pictures, and music, and——

"Mebbe," he said to himself, "mebbe the beautiful lady will come an' kiss me like she did so many, many years ago, before I knew Granny or anything."

Suddenly he felt a jerk, a snap,—the stiff string hung limp and loose in his hand.

"Lordy, she's broke loose," cried the poor little boy.

We got up an followed on beneath the kite as it fluttered and twisted in the breeze, floating over across the common.

"Oh, the telegraph poles," he murmured, but the kite was too high and escaped the wires. The electric car came gliding swiftly down the avenue just then and Enoch had to wait for it to pass.

"Oh, it's er goin' in there!" he exclaimed, as the kite lodged in a lilac bush that grew in the beautiful yard surrounding a grand old house, before which Enoch had often stopped to see the beautiful flowers and to catch a glimpse of the sweet, white-haired old lady who would sometimes give him little bunches of roses and lilacs and pinks—"posies" she called them. She came down the steps, leaning on her gold-headed cane, just as Enoch got to the gate.

"Please, mam," he said, "may I come in an' get my kite?"

"To be sure, my little man. How is it you are out so early with your kite?" said the lady.

"I never had 'er kite before," answered the little fellow simply.

"Oh, is that it? Well, come now and we will get it down said the lady.

Together they tried, little Enoch leaning on his crutch and the old lady standing on tip-toes and poking with a stick. Finally it was brought down.

"There's a hole in it!" excl imed Enoch. "Oh, my beautiful kite."

"Never mind, little man," said the sweet lady, "bring your kite into the house and we will see."

He followed, awe-stricken, up the stone steps and down the long hall. He raised his eyes as he entered the big, beautiful room, from which he could see the flowers beyond.

"My beautiful lady!" he exclaimed, gazing at the picture of a young girl which hung over the fireplace. "The lady that I see so much on the common!"

"You never see her, my little man," said the old lady gently.

"Not sho nuff, mebbe," he answered, "but er heap er times, when I'm er thinkin', an' oncet, er long time ergo, she did come fur sho; I know, 'cause she kissed me an' she looked jest like this, only she was paler an' more sorry like."

The lady knelt down on the floor beside the boy, and, taking his little face in her trembling hands, looked in a strange way into his beautiful eyes and said:

"Tell me who you are, child; who is 'Granny,' and what is your name?"

"Granny, she lives out on the pike and sells vegetables. She takes care of me, but she says she an't no kin ter me, an' that my own mother died an' left me with her, an' my name is Enoch Estell."

Enoch Estell! My God! exclaimed the old lady.

By and by, before Enoch knew what was happening, there was a hurrying of servants coming and going, and the old lady was telling him he must go with her in the carriage to where Granny lived.

He waited without on the steps, while the sweet lady went in to talk to Granny. He could not think what they could be talking about; he did not know what it all meant. Presently he saw Granny go into the little room and get the picture and letters which she had told him were to be his some day, and the "sweet lady" cried when she saw them. She was crying still when she came out, and putting her arms about his neck told him he was to go and live with her. She told him then, but he did not understand it till afterward, that the beautiful lady whom he remembered was his mother and her daughter, whom she had not seen for so many years—not since she married and went away.

It was many months after, when Enoch had grown accustomed to his new home in the big house, that he said one day to his grandmother:

"Grandmother, we never did mend the kite, did we?"

"No, my child, do you want it?" she asked.

"Please, grandmother, dear, let's keep it just like it is, 'cause it did bring me to you, and the flowers, and—and everything, just like I dreamed it would when I sat on my big stone by the water-cresses."

And the old lady only kissed him for an answer.

A Matter of Labels.

"Human nature," says a rustic philosopher, "don't change a mite from one generation to another when you come right down to facts.

"We have to say jest about so often that young folks ain't what they used to be, and old folks ain't what they used to be, and women folks have changed, and men ain't so brave and honest as they was, and children ain't children anymore.

"But it's only in the out'ard appearances that things and people change; the thing itself is allus jest about the same."

"It strikes me that it's all a good deal like this everlastin' up the new kinds o' soap that they hev down t' the grocery store; there's a new label on the package every year, but I guess we had about the same kind o' soap when I was a boy.

"Men an' women an' boys an' girls is jest about the same that they always was; but bless ye, it don't do no kind o' hurt to change the labels on the human packages every few years or so!"

War Prices.

A shaggy looking veteran dropped into an Upper Lisbon street barber shop Monday and got a shave. After the shave he wanted his beard tirmmed just a bit, and then he thought he would like his neck "trimmed up" some, not a hair-cut but just a little slicking up. When he got through he asked the price.

"Ten cents," was the reply, the barber thinking that it ought to have been a quarter.

The old fellow looked up with a sort of yearning look and said:

"That so? Still keep up your war prices, don't you?"—Lewiston Journal.

Unselfish.

"My dear," said Mrs. Honeymoon to her spouse, one day at dinner, "the doctors say that one should not think about business matters at meal times, as it impairs digestion and injures the health. Pray, dear, what do *you* think about when you sit down to meals?"

"Sweetest," replied the old man, "I only think about chew!"

And Mrs. Honeymoon put her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

A SERVANT GIRL'S PARADISE.

Montana a Market for All Marriageable Young Women of Service.

Perhaps the demand for domestic servants is as generally unsatisfied in the northwest as in any other section, says a writer in the N. Y. Telegram. I have yet to visit the happy, happy land where the servant girl problem does not exist as the principal source of domestic gloom, but here it is certainly to be found at its worst.

The female half of the population of Montana, while large and growing, is still in considerable measure the smaller half, and young women of every degree are quoted higher than they would fetch east of the Alleghenies. This may not be gallant, and yet it ought to be valuable to such young women in the east who feel themselves unappreciated. The cases are counted in hundreds where a girl has entered a family as a cook or chambermaid and thereafter remained as daughter-in-law. It is highly unprofitable to fetch girls from eastern cities.

If they are worth their salt they go off and get married, often before they have earned the price of their railroad fares. Servants' wages are 100 per cent higher in Montana than in New York. The cooks on the railway dining cars receive $60 a month. In private families $30 is the lowest wages offered, and some are paid as much as $100. The girl experiment is so generally unsatisfactory that many families employ colored men and Chinamen. The way to get a Chinaman is to tell another Chinaman you want one. He will spare you all the trouble and expense of dealing with an employment agency. An officer at Fort Custer, who had imported girl after girl only to have them come to him within a month or two and say they were going to get married, was at last advised by a friend to procure a Mongolian. "I have one," s id the friend, "and he is a perfect jewel. If you like him I'll teach him to find one for you."

The officer kindly consented, and in the course of a day or two, when his wife went to the kitchen to prepare dinner, she found a Chinamen, cued and white-vested, already at work among the pots and pans. She cheerfully retired in his favor. About a week later, when the officer and his wife sat down to dinner, they observed that the heathen in attendance upon them was not the heathen who had been serving them for the past week, but an entirely new and different one. They also observed that the dinner he bore them was much superior to the dinners their late heathen had supplied. They presently inquired of the new heathen what had become of their old one.

"He no good," answered John. "He some washee, but no cookee. Wing Ting tell him go and he say me come."

DREAD OF LIVE BURIAL.

Hundreds Who Fear the Coffin Will Close on Them Alive.

Many people who come to us have a dreadful fear that they may be buried alive, and, while there is a remote possibility that this might happen, says a N. Y. undertaker, I have not known a single instance of it in all my experience. These people insist on my promising to observe the utmost precaution, even so far as to run red-hot needles into their bodies, and other equally barbaric treatment, before they are finally consigned to the earth. About four years ago a young man called upon me one morning in a terrible state of agitation. He had dreamed the night before that his sister, who had been recently buried, had come to life after being placed under the sod. I tried to prove to him the utter improbability of such an occurrence, but without avail. He insisted that her grave should be opened that he might be satisfied. I was actually horror stricken at the suggestion; not that I had the remotest idea that his dream could prove true, but the thought flashed across my mind that if it should be so the shock would make him a raving maniac.

I tried to persuade him to defer the matter until the following day, but he positively refused. Finally, as there was no other way out of it, I consented, and, having obtained the necessary permit, the body was exhumed, and to my inexpressible relief the absurdity of the young man's dream was proven. The effect on him was magical. He looked sorrowfully on the face of his dead sister a moment and then burst into a flood of tears, and, throwing his arm around my neck, he wept from pure excess of joy.

The Queen Led the Smokers.

The present queen regent of Spain is very simple in her manners and is gradually relaxing the severe etiquette of the Spanish court. Of course it was not possible to smoke in the queen's presence, but, knowing the Spanish fondness for cigarettes, at a recent court dinner to gain popularity she ordered cigars to be produced. Every one hesitated to make the first innovation, and the officer of state, next the queen, held the silver basket containing them, scarcely knowing what to do, when the young queen, taking one and lighting it herself, gave it to the next minister and said in a loud voice: "Pass round the cigars, gentlemen." All this arouses enthusiasm for the moment, but it is the crowned heads themselves that are giving the death-blow to royalty all over the world by these concessions.

Complimentary.

It is a delicate proceeding to tell a woman that you do not like the music she makes, but in case of necessity the thing can be done.

A gentleman with a sensitive and cultivated ear was greatly annoyed by the persistent and wretched piano playing of a woman who occupied the room over his head. One day he met her in the hall accompanied by her 3-year old daughter.

"Your little girl plays quite well for a child of her age," he remarked, in his most friendly manner. "I hear her practicing every day."—Youth's Com.

AMONG MAN-EATERS.

The Flesh of White Men Too Salty, Chinamen Not Bad.

Explorer Lumholtz has just returned from Queensland, says the Pall Mall Gazette. He devoted a year to the cannibal tribes inhabiting a terribly wild tract of country a couple of hundred miles north of Townsville. Mr. Lumholtz says:

"To begin with don't imagine that because the tribes are cannibals they are therefore loathsome or repulsive in appearance. On the contrary many of the men are physically fine fellows and some of the women have pleasing features. Then, when you call them cannibals, you must remember th t human flesh is a very rare luxury, for they only eat foreign tribes—native tribes, I mean, for the flesh of the white man is nasty to their palate. He has a salty flavor, which is very disagreeable to them." "That was lucky for you." "Well, no. If I were once dead it mattered little to me how my body was disposed of. But being without morals and absolutely indifferent to human life, they would have killed me if they had dared for the sake of the tobacco and the few odds and ends I had with me. When I joined them at first they were friendly enough. They were a good bit afraid of the white man, and for an inch of tobacco apiece were willing to serve me. Then they respected what they called my baby-gun—my revolver—which I fired off every night. But in time their fears wore off and there were several attempts to tomahawk me, but I was lucky. I had a splendid hunter with me who twice tried. I should have shot him dead, but I was a little loath to do so as I was very keen about getting that specimen of the tiger marsupial, so I tolerated him. Might is right among them. If I had shot a few of them my dangers would have been considerably lessened."

"To resume about the man-eating, I never saw a cannibal feast, but every night in their huts the talk was of women and human flesh. Those were the stock subjects of conversation." "Not very different from highly cultivated Europeans, Mr. Lumholtz? Women and cooking." "I was able to understand them, for I had learned the language, and I gathered that white man was no good—too salty. Chinaman was not half bad. He fed on rice, and had a tender vegetable flavor about him, like a mealy cauliflower. But of all varieties there was nothing so sweet as a native baby—so sweet, so juicy, so fat, so tender. Old men and women were naturally tough and sinewy. And the favorite parts were the thigh and the flesh of the hand. The cannibal blacks have no religion, no ceremonial, no idols, and the only approach to a charm was a bit of human fat, wrapped up in grass and tied round the neck as good luck to your hunting."

"If you want a wife and you have money, which is tobacco, or a handkerchief, or a tomahawk—I should tell you that these articles percolate through the densest bush, and over the wildest ranges—you can buy a wife. You may inherit a wife by agreement. You may get your dead brother's wife but the commonest method of acquiring a wife is to go and help yourself. If you are a big fellow you walk into a hut and take the lady. Then there is a row, and you have to fight a duel with a wooden broadsword, and the women come down to the fight and howl and screech and back their men, and there is a terrible to-do. It is the women who cause all the rows, all the wars, all the feuds. It is always some chocolate Helen and some ravishing Paris." "And do the ladies like a change of husbands?" "They go and don't seem to mind it the least." "How do the men regard the women, then?" "As useful drudges, to do all the work and make them comfortable. The more women a man has the bigger swell he is. The black fellow hates work. He only cares for hunting. He hates to rise until the sun is well up in the heavens and the dew has disappeared. Then he and his friends depart into the forest and hunt, seldom bringing home the food, but devouring it in the bush. It is one of the remarkable things that the old men have always the prettiest wives. There are no chiefs. One man is as good as another, but when a political crisis arises the old men are consulted, and that is why the old men are the most influential. As for the young fellow, he often has to do without a wife until he is 30.

Presence of Umbrella, Rather.

There is nothing like presence of mind, after all. The other day, during a sudden thunder shower, a gentleman got on a Grand avenue car with a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he stood between his knees. Another gentleman in the same seat, who was mourning the untimely loss of a suspiciously similar umbrella, reached out and said:

"Will you allow me to look at that?"

"Certainly," remarked the umbrel'a carrier. "I was just taking it to the police headquarters. It was left in my house last night by a burglar, that we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first rate clue."

And though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down again and looked vacantly out into the cold, damp gloaming.—Peck's Sun.

Charity.

"Did Fido get his breakfast, James?" "Yis, mum; Oi gave him that pace o' mate that was on his plate." "Gave him that? Why, I saw at least a dozen flies on it." "Well, Oi didn't know, mum. Oi didn't like to waste it." "Oh, you needn't have thrown it away. You might have given it to some poor person."—Time.

Misunderstood.

Traveler (from Kentucky): "Madam, can I get a drink here?" Lady of the house: "Certainly: there's the well." Traveler (with a courtly gesture): "Madam, you misunderstand me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink."—Life.

THE

* FREEMAN *

ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same remarke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States. It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.40
6 months " "	$1.35
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. References required.

ONE DARK, BLACK NIGHT

The Light Went Out in Time to Save a Life.

A long silence had fallen on the group around the little stove in the back of the Oklahoma dry goods store. Each of the rough citizens had told his story or related some experience which once befel him, and the silence that followed an incredible yarn of the Hon. Jim Jenks was intense.

The stranger from the east had listened throughout in a listless, wandering manner, and yawned exceedingly when the others laughed. The silence thickened with the smoke, and as they looked at one another in the growing darkness for encouragement to break it Mr. Mike Swipes, with a slight hem, said:

"Wal, now, we've all had our say. Let the stranger say suthin.'"

All eyes were turned toward the stranger, who had come from the east. He pleaded ignorance of a good story, but they persisted. They weren't particular. After a moment's deliberation, during which all snugly placed themselves in their favorite attitudes, the stranger consented, and began in a monotonous and sing-song voice, as follows:

"One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered round a camp fire in the heart of the Harz mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the weird scene. The c ptain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun. His eyes were bent on the ground, and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him:

"'Scuddy, my boy tell me a thrilling story.'

"Scuddy settled himself on a log seat, and told the following thrilling tale:

"One d rk, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the Harz Mountains, in Germany. They had just returned from a plundering expedition, and were resting themselves. The camp fire threw a flickering light on the wierd scene. The captain of the band was standing in the shadow, leaning against a tree, his hands resting on his gun His eyes were bent on the ground and his face bore a troubled expression. Suddenly he turned, and walking to where his lieutenant stood, said to him: "Scuddy, my boy tell me a thrilling story." Scuddy settled himself on a log seat and told the following thrilling tale:

"'One dark, black night a band of robbers gathered around a camp fire in the heart of the H rz Mountains, in Germany. They had just——.'" A sudden click was heard in the store, followed in quick succession by two more clicks. Silence again fell on the group. The little oil lamp which had hitherto lighted the scene went out, and all was dark. Somebody struck a light, and in the glare it was found that the stranger had disappeared.

"Huh," muttered the Hon. Jim Jenks, as he pocketed his shooting-iron. "He saved his skin this 'ere time."

Talleyrand.

"The sole depository of the entire tradition of the state," Talleyrand, even at the age of 80, ate but one square meal in the day—his dinner—and every morning he required the menu of it from his chief. He would rise at 10, dressing himself even after his hands had got rebellious, and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning "work." No coffee, no chocolate, and "China" tea very rare. He dined at 8 in Paris, at 5 in the country, well and with appetite, taking soup, fish, and a meat entree, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint, and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched desert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would take very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a petit verre of old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and then the maitre d'hotel—Careme, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks, and afterward he would play whist for high stakes His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close and "slept" in company that bored him.

He Missed His Mark.

Arizona Kicker: Our esteemed contemporary down the avenue didn't like the way we showed him up last week, and on Monday he borrowed a revolver from Sam Adams as long as his leg, and lay in ambush for us at the corner of Apache and Cactus avenues. As we appeared, on our way to the postoffice, he opened fire, and six shots were fired at us at a distance of no more than ten feet. Not one of them came within a foot of us, but the shooter did manage to wound a $100 mule belonging to Lew Baker, and to kill a $50 dog belonging to Judge Stoker. When he was through shooting we knocked him down and hammered him till he hollered. We understand that he has settled with the others for $150 and that he thinks of leaving town. He better. If he ever had any standing here he's lost it now for sure. A man who holds a gun in both hands and shuts his eyes to shoot, is of no account in this district. The coyotes wouldn't even bark at him.

We Should be Human Beings.

I live to myself, without friends, says Henry Ibsen. Friends are a costly indulgence: they lay on us obligations. I belong to no party and I wish to belong to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it party, society, or state. From our early youth we are all brought up to be citizens instead of human beings; but we belong in reality to humanity rather than state. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I, at least, have no talent as a citizen, the leader of a school, or a member of a party; and there must be thousands just like me.

WINGED MISSILES.

A son of Maine has invented a machine that makes mustard plasters.

In pugilism the blow of the mouth is greater than that of the fist.

From hand to mouth—Going to the dentist after consulting the palmister.

"In the swim" of society the codfish aristocracy should be able to hold their own.

Children are the buds, girls the early blossoms, and women the flowers of creation.

"Think twice before speaking once." But how about the man who never thinks at all?

Diamond rings for dog's tails are the latest whims of New York women dog worshipers.

Gossips are not egotistical. They find more pleasure in talking of others than themselves.

When you hear a man say he has a bad wife just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

Two young women in Indiana have seen fit to be baptised by lantern-light in the presence of 500 people.

St. Paul will put $50,000 in an ice palace gaain. One of the twin cities is never tired of losing a little money.

In some houses where boarders are kept the weakness of the coffee is often offset by the strength of the butter.

Household hint—To remove stains from clothing use benzine. To remove stains from character use "sugar."

James Tunny of Boston is 102 years old and in the full possession of all his faculties. He was born in Ireland.

The wail of an epicure: When I see waiters wait on each other I sometimes regret that I am not a waiter.

I can not understand, said the bard, why I am alluded to as an "obscure" poet. A child could understand my writing.

Tennyson is represented as being in the last round of the "Seven stages of man." He is garrulous of the past and infirm of body.

It is provided in the Idaho constitution, that two-thirds of a jury may convict or acquit, or render a verdict, the same as if the twelve had agreed.

General Sheridan's Memoirs have been reasonably successful. Mrs. Sheridan's snare of the profits on the sale of the book thus far has been $20,000.

A Cincinnati physician will publish a book entitled "The Evil That Has Been Said of Doctors." He will not want for material for a good sized volume.

In England they call elections to fill vacancies "by elections." It is strongly suspected that some of the elections to fill vacancies in this country are buy elections, too.

A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

"It is so Spanish, you know." Learning Spanish is the local fad, and a very pleasing one it is. To be proficient and fluent in the language of Cervantes is no small accomplishment.

"Now for the opening of the fall campaign," was what the serpent said to himself when he observed Eve approaching the tree of knowledge under whose branches he was lying.

There is a time for everything. After you have weighed your neighbor in the balance drop the nickle of fairness into the slot of self-examination and ascertain your own moral avoirdupois.

The World, a colored man's paper, published at Indianapolis, very pointedly says: "The negro needs less politics and more business, more education and less talk, more real substance and less gush."

Utah is an obliging country in which to make one's final exit from the world. Under the territorial law there a criminal condemned to capital punishment can have his choice between being shot and hanged.

It would be somewhat expensive to give every citizen of the world even a limited meal. It has been figured out that it would take $10,000,000 to give every poor person in the world an oyster stew, a roast of beef and a mince pie.

The name of "Bender" seems to be one of ill omen in Kansas. Prof. Bender of Abilene, principal of the Fourth ward school, a member of a church choir and a prominent church worker, has been accused of forgery and confessed his guilt.

There is a great deal of "moving about" in the metropolis of the world. Some one figures out that 3 million people walk about London's streets daily, and that in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes.

The sulphurous smell of the hail-stones, by some observers at Philadelphia recently, was no doubt due to the impurities of the atmosphere over the city caught up in the hail as it was being formed. The storm was a purifier and cleared the atmosphere.

A citizen of Charleston, W. Va., has long been bothered with a smoky chimney, and the other day he got a mason to investigate. In the flue was found a tin box containing $5,000 in cash, which some one had hid away during the war and never returned to get.

Cologne is to have a singular exposition next year, the exhibits to be confined to instruments of war, ammunition and accoutrements. Several entries have already been made, and it is stated that all the recently invented life-destroying machines will be represented.

The eggs of Pacific island turtles are laid in a perpendicular cavity about a yard deep at the bottom of a great circular excavation which the female scrapes by whirling around like a fly with its wings singed and violently plying its flippers. There are usually over a hundred eggs in a litter.

Chicago is taking "broad views and high grounds" on the World's Fair subject. The Tribune says: "The question is this: Is the World's Fair of 1892 to be for the exclusive benefit of a few thousand Europeans or should the convenience of 60,000,000 Americans be consulted to some extent in locating it?"

American enterprise is contemplating very important undertakings next spring; a large amount of foreign capital will be offered during the coming three or four months, and it is probable that purchases of American properties will be made on a large scale, all the way from railroads down to shops, mills and mines.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, has been acting as pastor of the Lower Merion Baptist church, Philadelphia, during the past summer. On Sunday evening he preached his farewell sermon, prior to setting out on a lecture tour. The ruling passion is strong in the man who has been on the platform. It usually pays better than the pulpit

When you are parting with an acquaintance and he says. "Oh! by the way—" get out your pocket-book.

At least one Baking Powder and Flavoring Extract is free from injurious drugs, Those in question are Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Delicious Flavoring Extracts, which have maintained their well-earned reputation for purity and excellence in a period extending over thirty years. These are the most perfect made, and as such are indorsed by the most eminent scientists of the Nation.

Society in Washington.

Washington special, Bar Harbor Record.

He who cares to write on a subject so threadbare as drink will have a field of ripe promise in Washington. Yesterday afternoon I was passing one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city when I observed three young ladies emerge from the elegant vestibule and enter a public hack that had the curtains partly drawn. All three were very young and very beautiful women. I knew two—one the daughter of a United States Senator; and the other nearly related, and the ward, of a member of the Supreme Court. All were drunk. They were not merely tipsy, but drunk. One dropped her hat and the extra exertion required to replace it so exhausted her that the vigorous assistance of the Jehu who drove the ramshackle was necessary to place her inside. Two helpless dudes who tried to start a quick flirtation with the young women were promptly snubbed, an action which cast perhaps one ray of sunlight across their record.

You may sing of the beauty of spring-time
That glows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of a beauty that's rarer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a guaranteed cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pelletts, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

MATTERS OF LAW.

Recent Decisions of the Indiana Supreme Court.

W, desiring to buy certain land, but not having the money to make the cash payment, borrowed it of A. W went with the owners of the land before a Justice of the Peace on February 1, 1881, where a deed was executed to him for the land, and he executed a mortgage for the deferred purchase money. When this was done W executed a mortgage to A to secure a non-negotiable note for the money borrowed from him. The Justice of the Peace was intrusted with the mortgage for the purchase money, and through his neglect it was not recorded until November, 1881, which was long after A's mortgage was recorded. B became the owner of the A mortgage by assignment on November 12, 1883. Held: That as B took the assignment after the purchase money mortgage was recorded, and from one chargeable with notice, he was himself chargeable with notice of its existence and of all the facts which reasonable inquiry would have revealed, and therefore the purchase-money mortgage has priority.

The effect of a sale by one partner of his interest in the business to one of the continuing partners, or to a stranger, is a dissolution of the firm. A partner who purchases the interest of another partner has no implied authority to sign the name of a third partner to an obligation for such interest without his consent. One who takes a note with the knowledge that it is so given, can not claim that he had no notice of the want of authority of the partner who signed the note. Unless the continuing partners subsequently ratify the transaction in some way, those who did not consent will not be bound.

(1) Where one of the joint makers of a promissory note is a non-resident of this State, a judgment on such note against one of such joint makers does not merge the cause of action and constitute a bar to a subsequent judgment against the other maker. (2) Where there is a joint, or a joint and several liability, and one of the joint obligers is the principal debtor, and the other his surety, which fact is brought to the knowledge of the creditor, and he thereafter extends the time of payment to the principle for a valuable consideration, without the consent of the surety, the latter is released; but the mere taking of a note together with a cognovit is not of itself an extension of time.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from from sugar; read what he says:

Toledo, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F J CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggis , 75c.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

When you hear a young man say that a girl has no heart you may be pretty sure that she has his.

A Puzzle.

Why grown men and women with matured reflective powers should neglect their ailments is a puzzle. Hosts of otherwise sensitive people thus bewilder conjecture. It is one of the things which, as the late Lord Dundreary exclaimed, "No fellah can find out." Diseases grow faster than weeds, and, moreover, beget one another. Incipient indigestion, a touch of biliousness, slight irregularity in the habit of body—what complex and serious bodily disturbance, not local, but general, do these not beget, if disregarded? Baffle and drive off the foe at the first onset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign among preventatives. A constitution invigorated, a circulation enriched, a brain and stomach tranquilized by the national medicine, becomes well nigh invulnerable. The Bitters counteract malaria, and rheumatism and kidney complaints.

From an obituary notice in the Jayville Bugle: "He was a young man man who always bore a spotless reputation. He never even had the measles."

One of the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has such a large sale is because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all Druggists.

"Hello, old man! isn't it going to clear off?" "Don't know. I'm sure. It always has."

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

It Didn't Interest Him.

Time.

Chicago Father: Maria, what was young Smithkins saying to you last night?

Chicago Daughter: In the parlor pa? Why, he—he—he asked me to marry him.

"Oh, that was it eh? I thought he was saying something about the World's Fair."

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it now.

What Everybody Says

must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters is that there is *no doubt* of their curative qualities. E. Larzelere, agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich., says "he was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles. I have taken Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and applied their Plasters over my stomach and am entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy that I have ever used."

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.,
Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

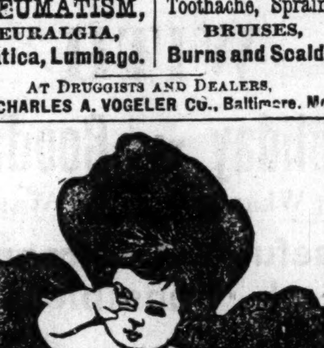
Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"How Long Girls Should Be Courted" is the title of an article in a Texas paper. Very much the same as short irls, we should say.

We are now making small-size Bile Beans, especially adapted for children and women—very small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle. For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. J. F. SMITH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Cougns, Colds and all other Throat Troubles.—"Preeminently the best."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Entire freedom from injurious drugs makes "Tansill's Punch" 5c Cigars most popular.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

Helpless 40 Days.

"The great agony caused by rheumatism is indescribable, and the gratitude of those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla and are cured is often beyond expression. The following is from a well-known Wisconsin farmer, and is endorsed by the editors of the Neillsville, Wis., Times as entirely true:

"For 25 years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to go out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business, I took five bottles and am now so free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel it slightly on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

HOW to CURE CATARRH. A circular describing a new and non irritating home treatment, that will cure Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Throat Affections, Bronchitis, and Consumption in its incipient stage, will be sent any one thus affected, by addressing D. YINGLING, M. D., Huntington, Ind.

SYKE'S Sure Cure.
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.

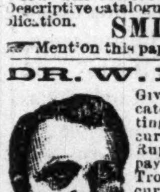
For sale by all Druggists.
ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind, Wholesale Agent.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER

purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON,
Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass

DR. W. H. SARBER



Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street Indianapolis, Ind.

All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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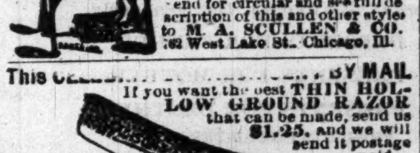

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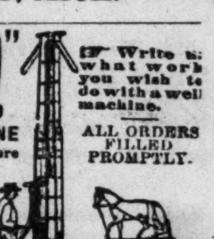

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Our Texas Cattle Knife takes the cake. They are made from Wardlow's finest English Steel. Hand forged, oil tempered. We have sold them for years and they have given the best satisfaction. ALLING & LODGE, MADISON, IND.

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ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific Relief in TEN MINUTES. PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Frittstown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS, Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

... Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c WATCHES ... **GUNS** all kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Wanted shrewd men to act under instructions in Secret Service work. Representatives receive the International Detective Grannan's Warning Against Fraud, Grannan's Pocket Gallery of Noted Criminals. Those interested in detective business, or desiring to be detectives, send stamp for particulars. ... Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens. Lebanon, Ohio.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

THAT MESSAGE.

It contained a blubber for everybody and the Negro as usual got a large dose of "words" and promises.

LOCAL NEWS.

Call for Roger's Rock ciga r.

Smoke Roger's Rock cigar.

Try the Nabob the leading smoker.

Mrs. Joel Cage is on the sick list this week.

Ida Webb is visiting friends in Madison, Ind.

Call for the Board of Trade cigar the finest smoke for 5c.

J. H. Johnson of Danville, Ind., was in the city last week.

Miss Nellie Knox is visiting friends at Spiceland, Ind. this week.

Joe Shores served on the petit jury in the criminal court last week.

Jackson Shepherd of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends in the city.

Leah Court gave a grand masquerade entertainment last Tuesday night.

The Vermont St. church social was held at Mrs. Roxie Jones last Tuesday evening.

J. T. V. Hill was elected president of the Douglas Literary Society last Monday evening.

Go to Booth's for fine carriages and light livery. Nos. 80 and 82 West Market street.

Call at the Housekeepers Bargain Store for holiday bargains, 20 West Washington street.

Bethel choir will assist in furnishing the music at the dedication of the 5th Presbyterian church.

Rev. Benjamin Ferril of Gallatin, Tenn., has returned to the pastorate of Mt. Zion Baptist church.

Timothy Taylor and Miss Virgie Gaskins were married at the residence of the brides, 190 N. Missouri street.

If you want fine presents for the holiday, call at Parkers' 179 W Wash. St. He has the finest variety in the city.

The Rock cigar is the best.

Booth's new hacks to Crown Hill, $2.50. South yards, $2.00. Telephone 1061.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown are all smiles this week. They are the recipients of a bouncing baby boy, Charles junior.

According to reports the English Guards have gotten into a bad fix financially and will probably be court-martialed.

Mrs. Roxie Jones four months contract with Blackford St. church, as organist; having expired, she was immediately secured by Bethel church for one year.

It is conceded by the public that Booth has the finest hacks and all kinds of livery, the cheapest rates and the most accommodating drivers in the city. When anything in this line is needed call at 80 and 82 West Market street, or telephone 1061.

The leading debate this season took place at the Douglass last Monday night. Question resolved that "divorces are wrong" was decided in favor of the negatioe which was supported by Messrs Sweeny and Tyler Affirmative Messrs Hill and Evans.

WANTED.

A situation as an "Alto" singer, to travel with a troupe, colored preferred. Address, R. W. T., Box 114, Coal Valley, W. Va.

A first class barber at Lincoln, Ill., Address C. H. Percell, 126 Chicago St. Lincoln, Ills.

HOMES FOR ALL.

Best Opportunity For Laboring Men

Turn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents a week by taking a share in the Champion Building and Loan Association. Meets every Monday evening at the New York Hat Store. Run with less expense and cheaper for the borrower than any other Association in the city. Take shares any time. No back dues. Call on Wm. Prosser Jr., Secretary, Room 51 Thorpe Block.

Hereafter The Freeman will be delivered in this city by carriers and not through the postoffice. Persons desiring to subscribe can order through the carriers.

Something new! Pullman Tourist Sleeping cars on second class tickets. The trip can now be made more comfortably than ever before. If you contemplate a trip to the Pacific coast this fall or winter write at once for circulars, maps, etc., giving full information about the "Santa Fe Route" and their Popular Weekly Excursions. ersons purc hasing either one way or round trip tickets, can join these exursions. Address

F. T. HENDRY,
Passenger agt. A. T. & S. Fe R. R.,
No. 10 Jackson Place, Indianaplis, Ind.

DANIA

Building and Loan Association. Third series just opened. Subscribe at once no back dues; don't put it off. This association gives the best inducement to its members, and is absolutely safe to invest in. Shares are $300. Weekly dues only 50c. Investigate this. Ask your neighbors about it.

Noah's - Arch

"Santa Claus's Store-house.
Let Joy Be Unconfined.

Come early to look that you may decide early to buy and avoid the crowds. Already we have had to double our force of clerks. We like it! But come early.

PRESENTS FOR FATHER.
PRESENTS FOR MOTHER.
PRESENTS FOR BROTHER.
PRESENTS FOR SISTER.
And all the LITTLE FOLKS.

Fancy Chinaware, Dolls, Vases, Drums, Toy Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Cradles, Chairs, Trunks, Dolls' Carriages, Dolls' Houses, Toy Guns, among them the famous "Buffalo Bill." These are a few things. We have a store crowded full of

Happy Thoughts
—FOR—
Christmas and New Years!

—REMEMBER—
NOAH'S ARK.
HOUSEKEEPERS'
Bargain - Store,
20 West Washington St.
Open Every Evening.

Mr. N. Davis, who has a restauaan at 171 Indiana avenue, is capable of furnishing you with any and all kinds of goods suitable for the season. Call and see for yourself.

I AM GOING TO
PARKER'S
To buy a **CARPET,**

Heating Stove,
Cook Stove,
Bedroom Suite,
Parlor Suite,
Chamber Set,
Window Shades,

In fact, fit up my whole house
He is at
179 W. Wash. St.

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[Established 1853.]

WE Are - Ready WITH Holiday -:- Goods!

Just What Everybody Wants.
Useful, Ornamental, Sensible.

Dry Goods OF All Kinds
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Prices Always in Plain Figures:

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UP WITH THE TIMES,

Owin to increase of our business we will add two more Carpet floors, made accessible by elevators. Our improvements will commence

January 1st, 890.

Our entire line of
CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPERS, DRAPERIES, Etc.
At your own price.

WM. H. ROLL.
30 and 38 South Illinois Street.

MAKE - ROOM FOR Santa Claus!
NOTICE HOW WE DO IT

Ladies' all-wool swiss ribbed vests marked down to **50c**

Misses all-wooll seamless Hosiery, all sizes marked down to **12 1-2c.**

40-inch dress goods, in seal, Navy green and grey plaids and Persian borders, marked down to **8 3-4c.**

High cut Mohair stripes, all colors, former price **50c,** reduced to **31c.**

Ladies' hemstitched, all-linen Handkerchiefs marked down to **5c.**

Ladies' c'ld bordered Handkerchiefs fast colors marked down to **2 for 5 cents.**

Lodies extra fine Black Cashmere Gloves marked down to **25 cents.**

The - Boston - Store,
26 and 28 West Washington St.
Store Open Saturday Nights.

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

That you can buy Household Goods as low as you can at

HOLLENBECKS,
230 East Washington St.

Say can you use

A Handsome Parlor Stove at	$7.70,	worth	$12.
A full spring folding bed lounge at	8,	do	13.
A first-class hanging lamp at	5,	do	8.
A beautiful rocker at	3.75,	do	6.
A cook stove, full trimmed, at	12.	do	20.

My Store is full of such Bargains from now until Dec. 25.

I will sell these goods on installments during this twenty days' sale at an advance of 10 per cent. on these prices ma ked. There is no reserve.

CONE AND SEE!

Employees of railroads and those who receive their pay mon hly can make selections and have the goods delivere to them and make first payment on next day; hus, I make it possible for everyone needing Furniture Stoves, etc. to seo re them while the sale lasts These prices will positively be withdrawn Dec. 25, so come at once and secure goods at prices that will not be duplicated again in this city Come early and avoid the rush.

HOLLENBECK'S House Furnishing Store,
230 East Washington Street.

HOLIDAY -:- GOODS.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.—Toys in endless variety from 1c to $1. We again call attention to one of our largest and most varied lines.

UMBRELLAS—Umbrellas 50 to $1. Gold Cap Silk Umbrellas $1 to $6, Oxydized Handled Umbrellas $1 to $5.

MUFFLERS—Mufflers, new colors, new styles, prices from 10c to $4.

HANDKERCHIEFS—Handkerchiefs at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 4c. Holiday Hahdkerchiefs 5 to 10c. Embroidered Handkerchiefs 10 to 50c. Gents' Handkerchiefs 5 to 50.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—We have Silk Handkerchiefs from 15c to $1.

MUFFS—Come and get the choice, 39, 50, 75, $1, $1.25, $2, $3.50, $3 and up, All the latest and most desirable Furs in stock.

NECKWEAR—Ladies' Neckwear at 8c to $1. Gents' Satin Scarfs 25c to $1. Plush Teck scarfs, very nice for Christmas presents, at 60c, 75c, and $1.

RIBBONS AND RUCHINGS—Special bargains in Rilbbons, Ruchings, over 200 styles, from 5c per yard up.

KNIT GOODS—Facinators, 25c to $1.50. Toboggans, 25c to $1.

INFANTS' WEAR—Plush, Cashmere and Surah Caps from 50c up. Plush Coats at real oargains.

DEDERT & SUDBROCK,
158 & 160 E. Washington St.

Furniture. Carpets.
LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH or on easy PAYMENTS.

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Halcyon Block,
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FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JOHN OSTERMAN—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY,
JOHN R. WILSON.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY.
JOHN L F. STEEG

SIMON SCHMALHOLZ, FOR RECORDER of Marion County—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR SHERIFF, JOHN JOHNSON—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR, H. W. WHITE. Subject to the Republican nominating convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY HENRY W. LANGENBURG Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, JOHN W. HOLTZMAN Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CHARLIE LAMOTTE Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

Still Another True Tale

That Reads Like a Romance—Mr. Ephraim Donovin Makes a Statement.

MR. EPHRAIM DONOVAN

Resides at 160 W. Washington st., Indianapolis, is an old resident of the city, and has suffered for about fifteen years with sciatic rheumatism and secondary blood poisoning, intermediated by general nervous debility and dyspepsia. Mr. Donovan has been under treatment for years by different physicians. He states that for the first time he has found relief. "The Gun Wa Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies worked like Magic in my case," said Mr. Donovan. "I am 65 years old, but my ailments are not caused by old age. I am an old soldier, and the terrible rheumatic pain I have endured was probably caused by exposure when in the army. To be brief, nothing helped me until I began taking the Chinese Herb Remedies. I at once began to mend, and in two weeks from the time I first started I was a different man. I have not an ache or a pain. My digestion is also so much improved that I can now eat with perfect confidence of no bad effect morning, noon or night. In fact, the remedies have renewed my youth. I feel many years younger, stronger and better in every way, mentally and physically, and the credit for this great change in me is due wholly to the Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies."

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follies or excesses should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.

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Agents for Butterick's patterns.

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To Sell Our Royal Book,
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Why, at 164 Indiana Ave, where you will find a good large stock of boots and shoes at most reasonable prices. Everybody come, and let us convince you that we do a strictly honest business.

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